



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 35 – Number 4

August 2017

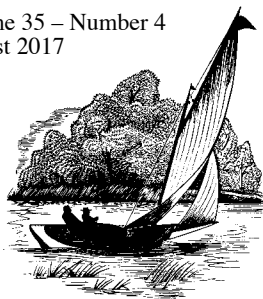
Special Features This Issue
Rafting Yukon's Firth River
Wind Bound in Maine Again
Sea Dog, the Tancook Whaler – Building the Sawfish 12
Class on the Tidal Flats – Self-Driving Boats?



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

The Tall Ships came to Boston the end of June and I almost got to see them. Almost. I am not a fan of the Tall Ships game, nothing wrong about it, I just am not inspired to go to all the trouble involved in trying to get a look at them close up. Going into Boston is, for me, a chore I have successfully avoided for many years now. Traffic just getting there the 18 miles from here condenses to near gridlock as the city is approached and, once I'm there, where to park anywhere near the chosen event? Not on the streets and the parking lots, if not full up, get, for me, big money to leave my pickup with them for even a short time. So I just sort of shrugged off the breathless boosterism preceding their arrival.

Then I got a call from Capt Gnat. "You wanna sail into Boston Friday to see the Tall Ships arrive?" It seems that he was going in with Harold Burnham on the *Ardelle*, Harold's very own tall ship. Harold had 11 paying passengers and a few empty slots. Capt Gnat grabbed one (he was one of many volunteers who helped Harold build his vessel) and I could have another if I wished (press junket sort of thing).

"Sure," I responded right off, "what time are you leaving Gloucester?" Well, it was to be at 9am on Friday morning. I went to the *Ardelle* website to learn more and found that the trip would take much of the day and that Harold expected to arrive late afternoon. Then I noticed that "passengers are expected to make their own arrangements for returning home." Uh, oh! Late on a Friday afternoon, rush hour on the packed commuter trains out of North Station after a mile hike over from the Fan Pier (Boston's subways are a mystery to me). And once arriving in Beverly after a stop and go station to station hour on the train, I would have to again hike about a mile over to Capt Gnat's home where I would have left my pickup, having planned to double up with him on the drive to Gloucester. The anticipation evaporated and I called him back and said I'd changed my mind and would not be joining him. Once again I'd give the Tall Ships a miss.

But wait, a new development arose. Out of the past (as long ago as 1984 he was on our cover) long time reader Jerry Jodice called to invite me out on his catboat from nearby Manchester to view the start of the Tall Ships race to Nova Scotia from off Gloucester's Thatcher

Island Lights on the Friday that they would be leaving Boston. The race start was scheduled for 6pm and the assumption was that the ships would be arriving off Gloucester during the afternoon. Jerry had attempted to sail into Boston for that previous Friday's Tall Ships arrival, only to encounter 6' seas and 25kt winds off Cat Island in Salem Sound, causing him to return home.

So now, how good could it get? Drive eight miles to Manchester about 10am, park in the Manchester Yacht Club private parking lot, ride out to Jerry's 22' Marshall catboat in the club launch with Jerry and his friend Dave and spend a lazy day cruising up to Gloucester some ten or so miles (allowing for some tacking) in the spacious comfort of the Marshall (our very own ringside seat) with congenial companions.

Light airs caused us to do quite a bit of motor sailing but we had a nice day, enjoyed lunch on a mooring in Gloucester Harbor and headed back outside to watch the Tall Ships arrive. Well, we did a lot of looking off towards the Boston skyline clearly visible 25 miles away and over the next couple of hours several familiar vessels did indeed appear heading right for Gloucester Harbor. The *Thomas Lannon* was first, then came the *Gloucester Adventure* and later the Essex Shipbuilding Museum's mini Tall Ship, the *Arthur D. Story*.

A sweep of the horizon off to the east with the binoculars did reveal far away, nearly hull down, several multi masted vessels, apparently anchored well offshore with bare poles awaiting the 6pm start time. We'd never get out there to get a closer look with the light air so we called it a day and motor sailed back to Manchester.

But on the page opposite we have, from reader Richard Honan, a few photos of the Tall Ships arriving in Boston. Richard lives in Winthrop, right on the northern entrance to Boston Harbor, and all he had to do was go down to the shore and enjoy the passing parade. And for any of you who do find Tall Ships of greater interest than I do, we provide a bit of info about Mike Rutstein's publication, *Marlinspike Magazine*, devoted to the Tall Ships community. Mike also owns and operates his own mini Tall Ship, *Fame*, out of Salem, Massachusetts, living the life he chronicles in his magazine.

On the Cover...

Dick Winslow is back in this issue with another of his far north adventures, this one rafting the Firth River in Canada's Yukon Territory, a 94 mile downriver whitewater adventure ending on the shores of the Arctic Ocean where a chance to take a refreshing dip was politely declined by the author, citing his advanced years. On the cover the clients look on from the shore as the guides take the rafts through a particularly challenging set of rapids. Dick's report begins on page 13.

Behold the Tall Ships Arriving

Photos from Richard Honan



Marlinspike is a quarterly, glossy, color magazine devoted to the traditional sailing vessels that carry passengers and trainees along the North American coast. Our focus is on the vessels themselves, schooners, ships, brigs, barques, sloops and the sailors and volunteers who sail, maintain and support them. We also write about boat builders, educators, sailmakers, curators and historians. We help spread the word about opportunities for the public to get involved with Tall Ships and to sail on them to ports both familiar and exotic.

Mike Rutstein, the publisher of *Marlinspike*, has been sailing since he was 11. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania and the Iowa Writer's Workshop. He started his own publishing company in 1990 at age 25 and since then has produced a variety of sports periodicals, most notably *Boston Baseball*, the best selling publication on the Boston Red Sox. In 2002 he used the proceeds from his publishing business to finance the construction of *Fame*, a replica of the first American privateer to take a prize during the War of 1812. The Chebacco style oak on oak schooner was launched from the H.A. Burnham Boatyard in Essex, Massachusetts, in 2003. Based in its historic homeport of Salem, *Fame* offers public sails, private charters and the popular Schooner Camp day camp program. For more information about *Fame*, visit www.schoonerfame.com.

What the Publisher Says...

In June 1898, a little more than three years after departing Boston in his rebuilt oyster sloop *Spray*, Captain Joshua Slocum made landfall in New England and became the first person ever to sail alone around the world. The voyage capped a lifetime of adventure for the indomitable Slocum, who had advanced from seaman to captain and owner during the challenging final years of commercial sail, surviving hurricanes, mutinies, shipwreck, financial ruin and the death at sea of his first wife and soulmate. Slocum's book about his circumnavigation, *Sailing Alone Around the World*, is a seafaring classic and has never been out of print since its publication in 1900.

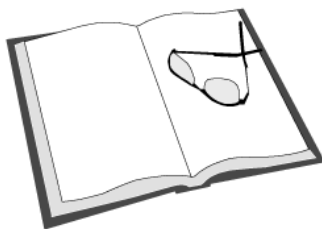
But Slocum the man has remained unknowable, the shape of his life as elusive as a ship on a fogbound sea. Now, at last, *A Man for All Oceans* reveals the man in full. A sailor himself, Stan Grayson has plumbed previously untapped original source materials to follow one of history's greatest sailors from obscure beginnings across the watery globe and the dying years of the great Age of Sail.

Here is the story of Slocum's Nova Scotia childhood, his escape from the family farm and boot shop and a domineering father, first to shoe factories and then to sea, his determined rise from lowly deckhand to mate and then master and ship owner and his self taught mastery of the arts of navigation, ship-building and writing. Before he was tossed ashore he lost his wife, his ship and his fortune to the sea. He found his way back afloat aboard a 37' fixer upper, a castaway mariner on a castaway boat and sailed into the mariner's hall of fame before his mysterious disappearance at sea.

An appendix revisits the often made comparisons between *Sailing Alone Around the World* and Thoreau's *Walden*. Previously unpublished photographs bring Slocum's world into focus and detailed maps trace the adventures of a sailor who knew the world like the back of his hand.

What the Reviewer Says...

This is a great read for anyone who finds men who can take care of themselves no matter what their circumstances subjects of great fascination. As the Publisher's comments above state, "...Slocum the man has remained unknowable..." Author Grayson takes care of this in this book, his detailed research into Slocum's life involved 38 newspapers and 32 magazines and books, including Slocum's son Victor's *Captain Joshua Slocum, America's Greatest Sailor*, as well as Slocum's correspondence in the Walter Magnes Teller Collection at the New Bedford Whaling Museum. Grayson "...has studied and reflected upon Slocum's life and

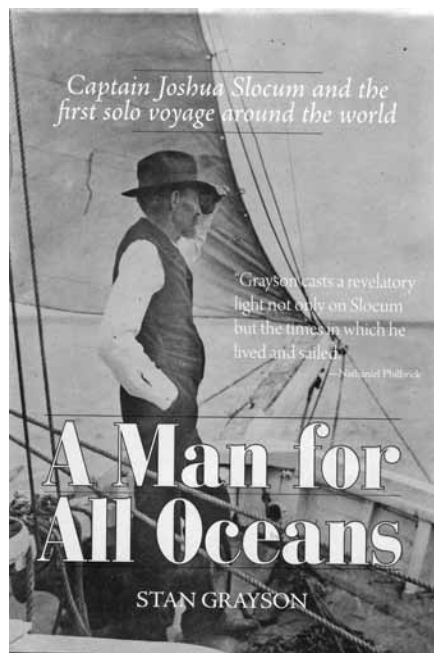


Book Review

A Man for All Oceans

By Stan Grayson
Tilbury House Publishers, Thomaston, ME
With the New Bedford Whaling Museum
Hardcover ISBN 978-0-88448-548-3
Ebook ISBN 978-0-88448-550-6
400 pps with 6 Appendices
2017- \$29.95

Reviewed by Bob Hicks



career for some 40 years."

So what did I learn about Slocum? He was indeed a man who could take care of himself. His sailing skills were superb, on one long tradewinds tack over a month or so he was at the tiller only three hours, having rigged the *Spray* to self sail, a tendency that seemingly he had built into her when he rescued her from oblivion prior to setting out on

his famous voyage. He was an intuitive person while yet carefully monitoring his day to day progress with the available navigation aids of the times (ca. 1900). At one time he came to doubt the accuracy of his taffrail log, which he used to calculate his daily progress and location. He revised his plotting to suit his intuition about his progress after he found the log had damaged impellers and came out spot on at his destination.

His life was an unending series of challenges, he dealt with some with his "big fist" in face to face controversies. When his fists did not suffice, as when he was boarded while in the Straits of Magellan by Fuegian savages, clever use of carpet tacks on deck disposed of that issue. As his fame grew he became enmeshed at times in lawsuits, both against him and filed by him, most of which he came through the winner. He learned to deal with his growing fame when it attracted those who plotted to somehow capitalize on it. Lecture tours and book publishing brought him into contact with a business world far removed from his own background, but he prevailed.

Probably his least successful dealing with life involved his family, for after losing his first wife to sickness while at sea where he could do nothing to help her, his life became a lonelier one. He was not close to his three children and a later marriage to a woman 20 years younger than him who decided, unlike his first wife, that she did not wish to go to sea with him, only increased his loneliness. He commented on how he was most comfortable doing whatever needed doing by himself. And so his final act was indeed done by himself when he sailed away alone in *Spray* later in his life, having confided in nobody as to his plans, never to be heard from again.

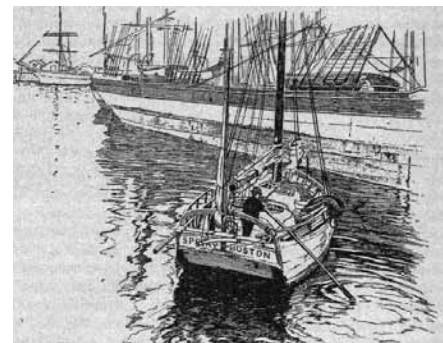
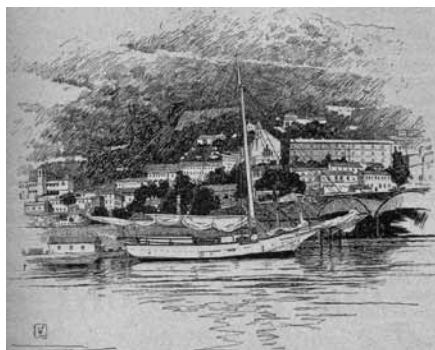
Two Other Reviewer Quotes...

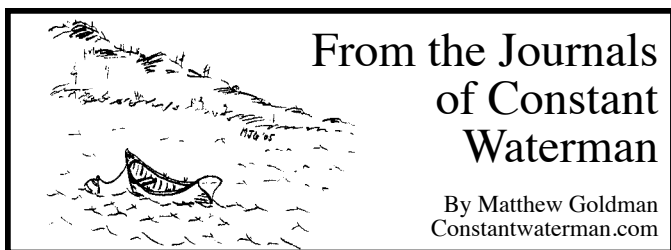
"This tale of a solitary man in his early 50s, living in a simple manner by wit and skill in sometimes ferocious surroundings was, and remains, a timeless story that seems to speak to most everyone who reads it."

"The tale is true from first to last, written in a style as plain as a marlinespike and yet full of touches which show what hidden poetry and passionate love of nature were in the soul of this bluenose skipper."

Other Maritime Books by Stan Grayson

Cape Cod Catboats
Sailing Small: Inspiration and Instruction for the Pocket Cruiser
A Genius at His Trade: C. Raymond Hunt and His Remarkable Boats
Restore Your Wooden Boat: How to Do It by Those Who've Done It
The Dinghy Book
The Wianno Senior Story: A Century on Nantucket Sound Catboats





Sunday morning I bail my Whitehall pulling boat, grease the leathers, and load my day bag with digital camera, spare batteries, water, granola bar, apricots, bandana, sailing gloves, sunglasses, and mermaid identification cards. I keep the Whitehall at West Cove, wherever that is, a quarter mile from where *MoonWind* swings, oh, so indolently, on her mooring. I need to be able to row out and fondle my sloop on occasion, and maybe take her out to sluice the marine growth from her bottom.

But today I need to straighten out some of my lumbar vertebrae with applied leverage: bend, reach, dip, straighten, pull, lift and breathe. Bend, reach, dip, straighten, pull, lift and breathe. Do it maybe six or eight times a minute for an hour or so and I maybe will get to the next place, depending on the tide and current and breeze and that blister on my fourth finger. You may have noticed my body's not in the shape it was about forty years ago. Why is that, I wonder?

Still, I make it as far as the piers. The launch driver is lazing in the yard's Halsey Herreshoff launch alongside the walkway in case someone wants to quit his mooring to enjoy some lubrication and calamari at the café. Being a sailor, he has a weather eye for a pretty boat.

"Love your Whitehall," he says. "Is she for sale?"

"Don't know that she is," I say, "but you're welcome to scratch her ears."

He kicks off his sandals and hands me his VHF. "Anyone calls, you can tell 'em I've eloped," he says. He rows her out to the breakwater and back. What a sweetheart!" he exclaims.

"And she's house broken," I tell him. "Nearly. And she's had all of her shots."

Finally, I'm off to row up to Mystic Seaport. I wend past most of the moorings, behind Mouse Island, past Morgan Point Light, and into Mystic Harbor. The tide is slack; the current not oppressive; the mild-est breeze presumes. I make good way considering my state of decrepitude. By the time I pass the shipyard, the two lobster pounds, and the tiny public beach I'm feeling easy: the Whitehall glides glibly through the water, and avoids the spate of yachts that are returning from across the sparkling waters.

Mystic Harbor is filled with pretty sailboats on moorings. The slips are filled with cruisers of every description. Stately Colonials flank the shores. Then I have to round Six Penny Island, a mere salt marsh of a sandpit that shoves itself athwart the harbor. Then things spread out, and posh marine facilities indulge the overtly fortunate. On the eastern shore a large marina accommodates a 100' yacht from the Cayman Islands at a tee-head pier. It takes me several strokes to leave her astern.

Eventually, I reach the railroad bridge. A forty-something foot, lovely wooden sloop awaits its opening. I scoot ahead and pass beneath the trestle, sitting upright. A few hundred yards, two more marinas, and then I approach the venerable bascule bridge in downtown Mystic. The tide being full, I need to hunker down to avoid decapitation. I emerge to find Mystic Seaport just where I'd left it, a mere quarter mile upstream.

I meander about the Shipyard taking photos of the steamboat *Sabino* and the fishing smack *Emma C. Berry* to convert to pen and ink drawings for my forthcoming book of local landmarks. I play touch last with the little catboat, *Breck Marshall*, which wafts about the Seaport with her mere handful of visitors. The tide turns in my favor. Downstream at the Schooner Wharf the three master, *Mystic*, is abroad. The charter schooner, *Argia*, is out in the Sound. An old salt enjoys his lunch aboard his pretty little wooden launch alongside the pier. I back the Whitehall up to him and we swap a few threadbare yarns. He peers at my transom.

"How do you call your Whitehall?" He inquires.

"I don't have to call her," I say. "She comes to me when I whistle."

"You ought to name her," he says to me. "Boat ought to have a name."

"Still haven't thought of a name for my son," I say, "and he turns thirty-eight in a couple of weeks."

"Boat ought to have a name," he says again.

"I may just name her *Esmeralda*," I tell him. I drift away and splash a bit as I back water.

"Where did you learn to row a boat?" he asks me.

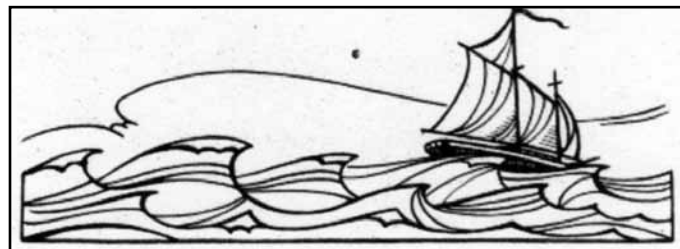
"If I knew how to row a boat," I say, "I'd be up the river annoying old men at lunch."

"You'd be better off safe at home where it's dry, writing one of your foolish stories," he says.

"I may just try that," I tell him.

Matthew Goldman aka Constant Waterman - Author and Illustrator
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To view and purchase my books and cards please visit
<http://www.constantwaterman.com>



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Activities & Events...

Rondout Lighthouse Guided Tours

The Hudson River Maritime Museum, located along the historic Rondout Creek waterfront in downtown Kingston, New York, and city of Kingston, have reinstated the popular 1915 Rondout Lighthouse one hour weekend tours four times a day through September at 12noon, 1pm, 2pm and 3pm from the Museum's docks, guided by Museum trained tour guides or docents. This touring arrangement is a collaborative agreement reached with the City of Kingston's Lighthouse Commission, the Museum and licensed boat captain Jeff Farber. Farber's pontoon vessel, docked at the Museum, can hold up to six passengers at a time in addition to the Museum docent, captain and first mate.

The 1915 structure, located at the mouth of Rondout Creek, actually is the third lighthouse on the site, the first wooden structure was built in 1837, 1867 saw the building of the bluestone lighthouse (part of the foundation can still be seen), this third lighthouse was begun in 1913 and was occupied in 1915. 1954 brought automation to the lighthouse and consequently there was no further need for residential lighthouse keepers. However, the light is still operational.

For more information, please visit www.hrmm.org/rondout-lighthouse.html or call (845) 338-0071 x16



El Galeón Andalusia Comes To Kingston, New York

The Hudson River Maritime Museum in Kingston, NY will have the 2009 replica ship *El Galeón Andalusia* docking at the Museum and open to the public for deck tours Saturday, August 5 through Tuesday, August 8. A visit from a square-rigged ship of this size and magnitude is quite rare on the Hudson River. Deck tours will be available. For more information and updates, please visit www.hrmm.org or like HRMM on Facebook.

El Galeón, a 500 ton replica of a majestic Spanish galleon used by the Spanish Crown during the 16th through 18th centuries, was designed and built by naval engineer and historian Ignacio Fernandez Vial and commissioned by the ship owner, the Nao Victoria Foundation. The ship was launched in Punta Umbria (Huelva, Spain) in November 2009. The ship measures over 164' in length and has six decks: Poop deck, Quarter deck, Forecastle deck, Main deck, Gun deck and Hold.

Specifications:

500 ton Spanish galleon

Length overall – 164'

Main Beam – 33'

Draft – 10.5'

4 masts hold 6 sails

measuring almost 11,000sf

Average speed – 7 knots

Crew size – between 15 to 35

Navigation Scope Evoking Her Ancestors'

Nautical Range:

Pacific and Indian Oceans

Crossed the Atlantic Ocean

Mediterranean Sea

Red Sea

South and East China Seas

Aegean Sea

Bosphorus Strait

Caribbean Sea



Summer Sailing with Elf

Elf will be back at CBMM in August. In addition to day sailing, we welcome you to crew with Miles River YC Junior sailors and the National Sailing Hall of Fame STEM sailing program (TBA).

Other dates of interest might be: August 11-14, Oxford Heritage Day log canoe races; September 16-17, NSHOF Classic & Antique Vessel Show & Race (Annapolis); September 3, CYRG 36th Annual Crab Feast & Silent Auction. It's an active schedule and *Elf* needs your support. Membership dues are \$65 individual and \$125 family. Check our website: cyrg.org

Captain Rick Carrion

Steam Up at Lees Mills

Oh Bob, you did spend some time on the dark side. But older folks do get hoodwinked and thus need to be forgiven. So be it. If you would like to do some penance, you have

an open invitation to attend the Lees Mill Steamboat rally this September the week after Labor Day, September 8-17. This is the 45th year and who knows how much longer it may last? The older folks are getting tired and the younger generations are off on their own journeys that they will write about 30 years from now.

The average steam launch is 23' to 25', not much different length than that 26' Sea-Ray, but our horsepower is in the 5-10hp range and no gasoline is consumed. We burn dead trees or coal that is a million years old. Engine noise is pretty much silent and the loudest noise we make is an occasional toot on the steam whistle.

I know you have been there a few times, but it might be worth it to do once again. The steam fraternity welcomes all boaters or interested individuals to attend and view the original, the oldest and largest steam boat gathering in the world.

Shown below is my fourth steamboat, built over the winter of 2015-2016, Steam launch *Golden Eagle*.

Kent Lacey, Captain, Commanding Steam Launch *Golden Eagle*, Old Lyme, CT



Adventures & Experiences...

More Movin' on with Johnnie Mack

After a roundabout trip where I couldn't make up my mind where I wanted to go, I drove through Morehead City North Carolina, on a whim and put a deposit on a ranch within two hours. My place in Vermont sold as planned and here I am. There are a million things that have to be done so on day two I drove to Cape Fear, Virginia, and bought a well used 1957 21' Lone Star Cruisemaster. It is listed on the title as a 25 footer but that includes the motor bracket and cowl(s). She is a big girl with an enormous freeboard but the hull is only 21.6'

I had a time deadline to get her so I drove to Greenville, North Carolina, where I picked up an aluminum trailer and took it to a tire store for new rubber while I went to the license agency to get it registered. I didn't want to be a scofflaw and drive it through two southern states with northern tags on my car, thinking that would be tempting fate and they would be hard ticket(s) to talk my way out of.

I picked her up from a salvage yard so I know she is cherry. They had a crane operator who was like the one in *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* who handed Captain Nemo a

pencil, the hard way. She had a little water in her and I could see about 50 rivets that had tell tale drips. I am pretty sure the leaks were caused by previous loading abuse. They were not too careful with her until they decided to try selling her rather than scrapping her. She had some work done to her and I was not able to get to the hull to see what was done. I am hoping that the previous owners did not try too many good old boy repairs, such as pouring roofing tar along rivet seams or trying to seal them with some NASA super epoxy. The only thing that works is to rebuck the rivets or to drill them out and replace them with new rivets or stainless bolts.

My 20 year old Mazda pickup truck with the 3.0 liter engine did OK pulling her home. I had it in trailer haul mode the entire trip and got 12mpg. It ran smoothly and stopped reasonably well. I did, however, go to great lengths to make sure I was not going to be in a position where I would have to make an emergency stop. Like Yosemite Sam said... when I say wow... I mean WOW!

I had a hell of a time backing her into my new driveway. A passerby stopped and directed me. I am thinking I will treat myself to a year of dry stacking at one of the nearby marinas when I get her fully rigged. A ramp is only five minutes away but she is so big that she does not fit in my driveway so well and that part would get old fast.

I also plan on buying a carport lean to shed or shelter of some kind so I can work on her without getting fried by the sun. I did not plan on how high the windshield sticks up. I was hoping to add a roof onto the side of my house but the windshield sticks up higher than my roof eaves.

Well, I have to get the *Bludgeon* done first. I seemed to have wired her a bit sloppy and have a bit of a short problem. Didn't I brag that I had four motors on her in a year and yanked a lot of wires in the installation/removal process and everything still worked. It did until the second I hit salt water. Zap.

I have a long list of work I need to do on my new ranch as it is an older unit, but I'm thinking my life is pretty darned good right now as I have two boats that are paid for, one

great working motor and my biggest worry is where I want to put the TV.

Johnny Mack, Morehead City, NC

Oar Making

My spoke shave cut without a hitch
Long spruce shavings left the plank
To become piles around my horses
On which were now two oars.
When smoothed they needed oil,
Hesitated, white virgin wood
Somehow seemed not made for stain.
Tradition got the upper hand,
On the flaxseed pressings went,
Lovely yellow grain leaped forth.
From hard hide two leathers cut
Soaked soft, wrapped tight, sewe snug
Where galvy yokes would chafe.
Could hardly wait to try them out
To pull my dory on the tide,
Arms, oars, and locks in sync
Connecting head to clean cold sea.
Pike Messenger, Middleton, MA

Cedar Rapids Presentations

Dr Stephen D. Regan, President of the Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Council of the Navy League of the USA and his mother, Jacquelyn Regan, presented a shadow box containing a piece of the *USS Arizona* to the community of Waukon, Iowa, on the 75th anniversary of the attack on Pearl Harbor. Dr Regan also presented a lecture on the Pearl Harbor attack to more than 75 people. The program was an element of the Council's educational and historical preservation efforts.

Jacquelyn Regan, who can trace her military connections back to an ancestor who fought in the Revolutionary War, provided the funds for the shadow box and all expenses connected with the presentation. Both her father and husband served during World War II, her grandfather served in the Spanish American War and two great grandfathers served in the Civil War. Dr Regan served during the Vietnam War. The presentation donation was in memory of Jacquelyn's husband, Daniel E. Regan, who was a corpsman for the 9th Marines in World War II.

Waukon, a small community of 3,500 people, had two men aboard the *USS Arizona*

during the attack. Ensign Lawrence Anderson was severely injured early in the attack and died later that day. The local VFW is named after him. Gunners Mate 2nd Class Stanley Teslow was on duty in turret #3 and was uninjured. He later survived the sinking of the *USS Reno*. After retiring as a chief gunner's mate, Teslow farmed outside Waukon. He was the first of the *Arizona* survivors to be allowed burial on the *Arizona* with his shipmates.

Dr Regan, biographer of Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher, has written extensively on World War II in the Pacific and he has lectured on the topic throughout the country.

Navy League News, *Sea Power Magazine*

This Magazine...

More Than Fully Occupied

Enclosed you'll find my renewal for my personal copy of *MAIB*. I previously renewed the subscriptions I donate to the Jefferson County Library at Port Hadlock, Washington, and the Chimacum High School library in Chimacum Washington.

I sold *Blue Star*, my little 26' wooden tug, last spring after acquiring the bridge deck cruiser *Riptide*, built in 1927 by the Schertzer Brothers in Seattle. At 47' long, her restoration is keeping me more than fully occupied! She carries, or at least used to carry, a 9' dingy on the top of her aft cabin so I am looking for a good design, probably one of Edwin Monk's, to build for her, possibly over the winter of 2017/18.

I know you hear this accolade from time to time, but I want to reiterate it again, *Messing About in Boats* is really a wonderful magazine and one that stands the test of time. Your sure touch as editor in selecting those articles sure to appeal to those of us more than happy to travel with you down your "dirt road" is as evident now as it was when you began. I reread my copies, which stretch back into the early '90s, on a continual basis, and there are always copies floating around my office and on the reading nightstand for review and study.

Pete Leenhouts, Port Ludlow WA

Museum Boatyard Manager Michael Gorman reports work continues on the historic restoration of 1889 bugeye *Edna E. Lockwood*, with each of the nine logs making up her new hull pinned together and shipwrights moving on to fitting chunks in her bow and stern over the summer.

This past spring brought much progress to the project, with the hull flipped via crane in April and the two wing logs pinned to the rest of the assembled hull in May. In September *Edna's* topside will be moved to the new hull so shipwrights can begin to marry the two, an important step in the restoration project. New stems, hatches and additional struc-



CBMM News

Edna E. Lockwood Progress Continues

ture will be installed this fall, with sails to be sent out for new ones to be made.

The team is restoring CBMM's queen of the fleet and National Historic Landmark by replacing her nine log hull in adherence to the Secretary of the Interior's Standards for Historic Vessel Preservation. Shipwright apprentices working on the project are generously supported by the Seip Family Foundation and the RPM Foundation. All work takes place in

full public view through 2018, when *Edna* will be placed on the marine railway and launched at CBMM's OysterFest in October.

To keep up with the project, visit CBMM in St Michaels, Maryland, or go to ednalockwood.org.



I'm saddened to share with you that my father, Glen L. Witt, founder of Glen-L Marine Designs in Bellflower, California, has "retired" at the ripe old age of 98 years. Only his passing away on Tuesday, June 13, 2017 ended his work with the company and calling to which he dedicated his life and passion.

Dad never officially retired, but for the past few years he was unable to come to the office due to health reasons. He designed his last boat (the Torpedo) at age 94 and his mind stayed sharp right up to the end. He was my rock, my mentor, and the best dad a girl could have. I will miss him deeply.

Not many people have a chance to get to know their parent on both a personal and professional level, and I'm so very grateful for having had that opportunity. If you will, I'd like to share with you a bit about this man who is such a huge part of who I am, and who was a pioneer in the DIY boat building plans, patterns and kits industry. The impact his body of work has had on the lives of thousands of people all around the world who have built striking examples of his designs while creating life-long memories in so doing is beyond measurement. Many of these finished projects can be seen on the Glen-L.com website.

Glen L. Witt was born in Los Angeles in 1918 and lived in a home on property that his father worked with a horse-drawn plow. Young Glen would often throw a rifle over his shoulder to go hunt for critters in the local fields. It's a little difficult to believe there ever was a Los Angeles like that. His first experience in boat building was helping his older brother Elbert build a boat in the garage. Elbert was a meticulous craftsman, but not a saver. When Elbert ran out of money, Glen started his own project and in time Elbert became his helper. Glen had several businesses while he was growing up, which is why he had the money for his project.

Dad found the plans for his first boat in a *Popular Mechanics* magazine, but finding the plans very difficult to work with led him to surmise that the author had probably never himself built a boat. Plans typically came without instructions and certainly not with patterns. This being the days of the Great Depression, dad scrounged old oak table leaves and other wood to build this boat on the cheap. This first boat was a flat bottom on which he put a deck to make it look like a runabout. Thus began a hobby of building boats that would last a (long) lifetime.

Dad landed a job at Magnesium Products in Los Angeles in 1939, a foundry where products were manufactured for the war effort. He went from knocking out the cores of castings and general labor to the finishing department. He soon discovered that he could make more money by making molds, so he began doing this after work by learning from his fellow workers.

He was drafted into the Army Air Corps in 1944 where he became a member of the "Aviation Engineers" and was stationed in Okinawa, Japan. They were there to build air strips and things of that nature. While in the service, dad took the Westlawn Institute of Yacht Design course. While on the island he designed a boat for one of the lieutenants who wanted to build one; the lieutenant did build it, but dad never saw the finished product. Upon his discharge from the Army Air Corps, dad was able to get back his job at the foundry and over time became a General Manager and Plant Supervisor. While there he continued to design boats and made casting patterns for boat parts for his and his

Glen Lewis Witt A Tribute to My Father

By Gayle Witt Brantuk



brother Elbert's boats. He made struts, rudders, shaft logs and lots of other things.

On the side, dad contacted a couple of local marine dealers whom he convinced to sell his boat plans. Having this success he started working more intensely on designing boats. He also made custom patterns and castings by request. He made some hatches and motor brackets for Ryan Boats, as well as some design work for them, Eddycraft and Morgan Craft.

On one of his trips to a marine dealer he ran into a friend who thought he could easily sell a little fishing boat of about 11' or 12' long, built out of plywood. Dad designed it and showed his friend Don Ruffa (who is featured in much of Glen-L literature) how to build it. They ended up selling a couple of hundred of these boats; dad would deliver them to the local dealers stacked on a trailer pulled behind his 1956 Ford T-Bird.

During this time dad and his brother Elbert decided to join forces and try to sell the boat parts from the patterns he had been making. They created the name "Glenwood" for the company, using my dad's first name and Elbert's middle name Woodrow. Garwood boats were popular at the time and that probably also influenced the name. The two of them started a foundry in Glen's backyard with a homemade furnace, gas line and vacuum cleaner blowing in air to increase the temperature. They made parts using trimmings from old propellers and any other scrap brass they could get.

At the time, Elbert worked in a foundry where his job was adjusting the proportions of metals to achieve the proper alloys. They would make the parts, Elbert would finish them to make them pretty and dad was the salesman. Dad said that when they were casting, the furnace made a really loud noise that could be heard throughout the neighborhood. This was ultimately the reason they had to find another way of having the parts cast.

Dad continued to pursue designing boats and he and Elbert amicably parted ways before Glenwood really got off the ground. Elbert worked very hard and made Glenwood Marine a successful business that continues today. All during this time dad was still at the Magnesium Products foundry and, due to an earlier agreement with the foundry owner, was able to walk away with stock in the company that paid him a salary for about five years when the foundry went out of business after WWII ended.



Dad's boat plans were now selling quite well and he bought a piece of property in Bellflower with cash where Glen-L Marine still continues today. He put up a concrete building which is our current warehouse, so that Don Ruffa could make "frame kits" for dad's boat designs; dad recognized the wisdom of frame kits and full size patterns because lofting of the frames would likely be a sticking point for folks building their first boat. He would loft out his first designs on the sidewalk in front of the business. He started advertising his plans with good success, but what really got Glen-L going was the relationship he formed with *Popular Mechanics* magazine.

Dad and Don were working on a cabin cruiser design they wanted to put out so he got in touch with the guy at *Popular Mechanics* who handled the "Craft" section of the magazine and got him interested. Dad had named the design the P.M. 17, but *Popular Mechanics* changed it to "Sea Knight." One of our local builders, Warren Trombley, built the Sea Knight and it appeared on the cover of *Popular Mechanics* in 1957.

Dad was able to get another design on the cover in 1958, which was the "Swish," a tailfinned design reminiscent of the Cadillacs of the era. He was able to have published quite a few articles over a period of years not only for *Popular Mechanics* but for *Sports Afield's* boating annual and many issues of *How to Build Twenty Boats*. The magazines liked his submissions because he wrote the articles, photographed the project being built and sent a complete package to the magazines, virtually ready for publication.

During the 1970's dad continued the "tinkering" that started with his first project when the lightweight V8 engines became readily available. Putting this kind of power in a displacement hull was not only pointless, but dangerous. Through experimentation by dad and others, the planing hull was developed. Southern California became ground-zero for high-speed planing boats and Glen-L was the first to offer plans and patterns to builders around the world. At one time, a South African builder of the Glen-L Tornado was taking on all-comers and at 105mph+, easily leaving the competition in his wake. It became necessary to set up a handicap system in order to find someone to race against. Several "manufactured" boats in Southern California had a decided "Glen-L" look... probably just a coincidence.

Four more Glen-L designs were on the cover of *Popular Mechanics*, the "Saucy Shingle" (now named "Tiny Titan") in 1965, the "Glen-L 10" sailboat in 1971 and the "Tunnel Mite" in 1974. In 1973 one of our camper designs was on the cover too. Yes, an RV division of Glen-L was begun in the early 1970s and we offered various component kits

to build them for quite a few years. When the gas crunch of the late '70s hit, that pretty much did in the kit side of the RV business,



Sea Knight 17' Cabin Cruiser

Swish 15' Outboard Runabout



but we do continue to offer the plans and patterns for them on Glen-L.com to this day.

Through the years, dad had a couple of designers/architects who would assist him from time to time. In the early 1960s he met Ken Hankinson who was working for a local naval architect (Don Hall) designing large boats for professional boat builders. Business was slow for Don, so he contacted dad to see if he had work for Ken. It so happened that at that time dad was working on the Tiny Titan/Saucy Shingle and was in dire need of some help. Ken was the person behind the wheel in the PM article.

Ken was a talented designer and dad mentored him in the methods he had developed for designing boats with the beginning/backyard boatbuilder in mind. Ken and dad had a successful run of designing boats together for about 22 years. Ken thought he could make an offer to take over Glen-L since dad was approaching "retirement" age at the time, but my dad never had plans to retire so that ended that and they amicably parted ways. Ken started his own boat plan business which he successfully ran for about 18 years, after which time he retired. Glen-L was able to add Ken's later designs to our portfolio some years back.

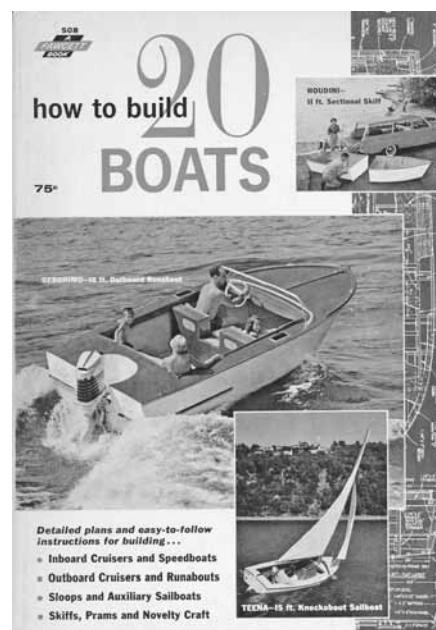
Ken comments on his passing, "Glen was not only my mentor but my closest friend and teacher. I would not have had the opportunities I've had in my life if I had not met him 57 years ago and he had taken me under his wing. We made a complimentary team and his influence through all the years was invaluable to me."

This is just a brief history of my father's life in the boating industry. About 20 years ago he began handing the business over to my brother Barry and me. When my brother retired in 2008 I took over the business, and my husband John (and our dog Buckshot) came on board as well. We continue to run the business from the original location in Bellflower, California, and provide over 300 boat designs my dad and his associates created over the past 64 years along with the



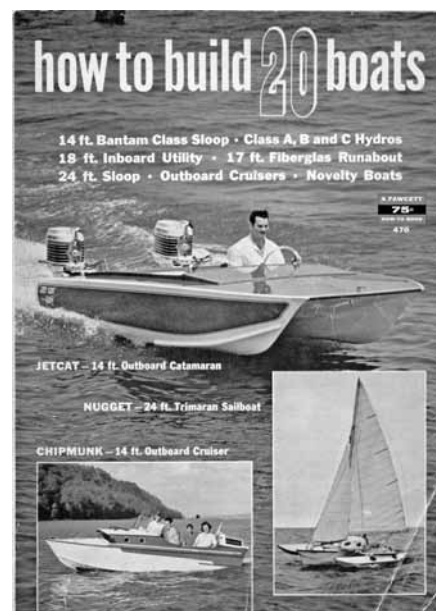
many books my father wrote and DVD's we've produced.

I look forward to carrying on Glen Lewis Witt's rich legacy for many years to come. Happy "retirement," dad....



Geronimo 15' Outboard Runabout

Jet Cat 14' Outboard Catamaran



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NO OCTANE REGATTA

**A Wooden Boat Classic
& Adirondack Park
Centennial Event
Blue Mountain Lake, New York**



The No-Octane Regatta at Blue Mountain Lake in the Adirondacks in late June came on the same weekend as the Wooden Boat Show at Newport and the conflict cut into the boat builder representation at the event, but support from owners of classic small sail and human powered boats was good, with over 50 boats taking part in the Grand Parade, with many owners dressed in period costumes. A full two days of activities were scheduled, Saturday involving the participants and their boats on the Lake, and Sunday devoted to Adirondack Museum exhibits and local historic tours. Walter Fullam's photographs catch some of the ambiance of the occasion for us.

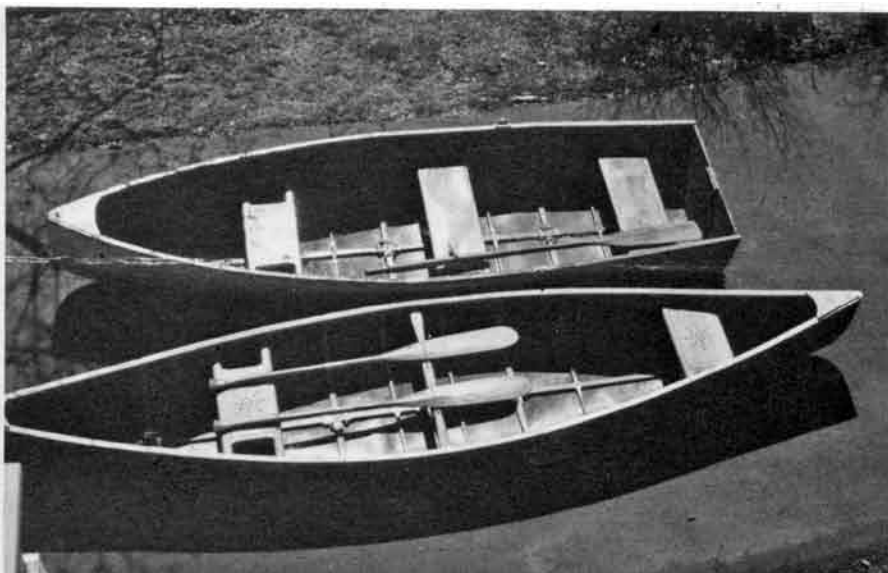
At left a Long Lake Guideboat built by Warren Cole in 1900, owned by Russell Barrowman of Blue Mountain Lake. At right a 1989 Adirondack Guideboat built by Bill Michelfelder of Keene, NY.

25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**

A pair of reproductions of paddle-wheel boats powered by arm power, from the Adirondack Museum collection.



Mark Supley and family of Scotia, NY, own this 1946 canoe.



Two examples of Link collapsible boats from the late '30's, a rowboat and a canoe. Each is composed of molded bakelite sections which latch together into a hull which is then fitted into a tailored waterproof canvas skin.



This unique canoe was built of birchbark veneers in the 1920's by the Haskell Boat Co. of Ludington, Michigan. John Hosley of Long Lake is the present owner, and he has it on display at his store in that town. He says that 30 of these were built and only 8 are known to survive today. The 16'9" canoe was fitted out for rowing as well as paddling. Birchbark was used throughout, with 1/8" veneers forming the hull and laminated over molds to form the seats.





Saturday, May 23rd brought Cape Cod bright skies, low temperatures and a stiff breeze from the northwest. An enthusiastic group of rowers properly dressed gathered at Kalmus Beach in Hyannis for the first annual spring rowing rendezvous. The event was a joint effort of the Cape Cod Chapter of the Traditional Small Craft Association, The Cape Cod Maritime Museum and the Barnstable Recreation Department, the latter arranging special permission for the use of the beach and its facilities.

Our objective was to interest the general public in rowing small boats by standing around on the beach admiring the boats, talking about boats and trying out each others' boats. In the preceding weeks, the group had posted flyers and talked up the event on the local public access TV channel. But, who would venture to Kalmus Beach on such a blustery day with the temperature barely 50°?

The fleet totaled ten boats and eight launched. In addition, Bob Lister's Amesbury dory with outboard served as the safety boat under the command of Peter Cross. The attending craft ranged from an Adirondack

First Cape Cod Spring Rowing Rendezvous

By Steve Salley

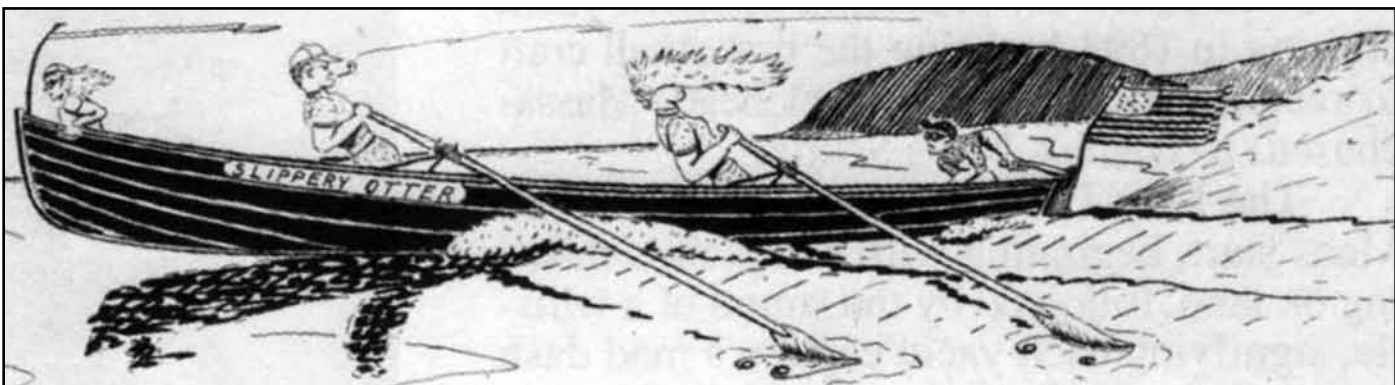
guide boat that Walter Baron and Barry Donahue brought through John Flanagan's Banks dory and Ed Hilton's 17' CLC Swampscott dory to Bill Stirling's little file bottom Elf designed by Pete Culler and built in Hyannis by George Kelly.

Kalmus Beach is a great sandy spit at the end of Ocean street. Jutting out to the southeast, it protects the entrance to Lewis Bay and Hyannis. Its vast parking lot is jam packed in the summer but today it was empty. We decided to use the beach on the south side where the berm provided a bit of a lee from the northwest wind. Hyannis harbor and its approaches are busy all year round with freight and passenger ferries to and from Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. There are also plenty of commercial fishing boats and

barges and dredges. The high speed ferries throw wakes that persist far from the channel. These rollers added interest and kept everyone alert and sometimes wet. At such an early date there were only a few pleasure craft zooming in and out.

The rendezvous took place from eleven until four on the incoming tide. The sunshine invited hardy beachgoers and a small crowd of curious bystanders developed. Some were brave enough to try out a boat and found that indeed they could row. Others quickly remembered rowing skills from years past. A photographer and a reporter from the *Cape Cod Times* arrived and suddenly it was an event we would read about in the Sunday edition.

The tide flooded and the breeze died down as the late afternoon sun dipped lower over Nantucket sound. Perhaps a bit tired and sunburned, but thoroughly satisfied, we assisted each other in hauling out and loading up. I believe the prevailing thought was, "Let's do it again next year". In the meantime we can look forward to Walter Baron's rendezvous in Wellfleet at Mayo Beach in September.





Paddlers beware! Where is the main channel? One wrong turn and you'll be lost for hours, even days. The immense sprawl of the Mackenzie River Delta creates a bewildering maze of meandering streams, ponds, loops, cliffs, bluffs and cul-de-sacs.

Rafting Yukon's Firth River Trumpeter Swans and an Arctic Ocean Swim

By Richard E. Winslow III

Dedicated to the North where, in the words of Robert Service, "There are strange things done in the midnight sun"

"The Mackenzie Delta!" Whitey, head guide, exclaimed. Our Twin Otter plane was flying high above an immense sprawling maze of twisting rivers, ponds, cliffs, patches of snow and low ridges. Looking at this fragmented landscape through breaks in the spotty clouds, I surmised that perhaps an angry giant long ago had fired a shotgun and the pellets had gouged out watery holes. Then, for good measure, the crazy monster finished the wrecking job by slashing the earth with swipes of a crowbar. The giant was the glacier, which tore the earth apart and then melted away 10,000 years ago.

Our destination was a landing strip near Margaret Lake, Yukon, Canada, the starting point or put-in for descending the Firth River. This wild waterway flows north through the British Mountains, a subdivision of the Brooks Range, on its tumultuous race, a drop of 1,500' from the lake to the Arctic Ocean. Our party would raft 94 miles to a sand spit bordering the saltwater and the river, which is tiring and losing speed as it approaches flat ground. The Firth creates its own massive delta upon its approach to the ocean.

We passengers would land in Ivvavik National Park, Yukon, established in 1984. Compared to other Brooks Range north flowing rivers, whether in Alaska or in Canada, the Firth has received but scant attention from modern day explorers and adventurers. The Inuit, of course, had utilized the river for thousands of years for their hunts long before the white man came. Nowadays, perhaps a hundred people at best visit the park, most of them there to descend the river. After the Canadian government survey and scientific parties, the first in 1914, went down the river, the first commercially guided trips began in the 1990s.

It was early July 2015 in the North, a time of 24 hour daylight, a few mosquitoes,

treeless tundra and raging meltwater rivers. As our plane began its descent to touch down on the gravel runway, I viewed our camp, already established by those who had arrived earlier, as a small village, a field kitchen, food barrels, a cluster of food boxes, a line of tents, inflated rafts on the river bank and a groover at a respectable distance. We late arrivals, for our part, had not been able to fly in the day before on the last flight. Nasty weather had rolled in, fog and wind, to thwart the hour and 20 minute air time required, so our group had been compelled to layover for the night in the town of Inuvik. In the meantime, the early birds had established our camp with room service efficiency.

Whitey, the head guide, was excited. "This is my 51st descent of the Firth," he said. "I am depending upon some good fishing for our dinners," he continued, "as we might run out of food." That was a typical Whitey comment, half serious and half joking. As I well suspected, we had plenty of food, actually an overabundance, for whatever might happen. As it turned out the fishing, of course, was fabulous for Arctic char and grayling and provided for many ample meals.

Along with Whitey, our group was ready for the challenge, even if the fish did not bite. Whitey is a wiry, energetic man in his late 50s, complete with a goatee which makes his face appear even more swashbuckling. "I grew up in Toronto," he told me. "After high school I wasn't interested in more books and classes. At the age of 18 I left for Banff (Alberta, in the Canadian Rockies) to become a ski bum."

Once there, he vigorously embraced the outdoor lifestyle, skiing, mountaineering, canoeing, rafting, hunting and fishing. "I now own a fishing lodge on the Buckley River, British Columbia. My clients hail from all over the world for the best steelhead rainbow trout fishing in North America." Whitey proudly wore his custom made Buckley River Lodge baseball cap throughout the expedition.

The other three guides, all hailing from British Columbia, were also superb outdoorsmen. All had jockeyed hard to go on the Firth. "In the spring the guides meet to divide up and sort out the trips," Whitey said. "The Firth, along with the Alsek, is always at the top of the list, the most sought after choice. The Firth is a guide's river."

Tyler is an excellent chef and photographer, good with his hands and his brain. His guiding has taken him all over the Canadian North, to Australia, and especially to Africa, where he has led both river and land van-supported safaris on the Zambezi River and in Botswana. "In the African bush," he said, "I would wake up at night and hear acacia pods dropping from the trees onto the roof of the tent. These pods are a source of food for elephants. Once I heard, and then felt, the sweeping of a trunk across my roof top so that the elephant could then collect the pods from the ground."

I could not wait for his next African story. "In the middle of the night I could feel that my tent wall beside my sleeping bag was being pressed in, along with the sound of sniffing. I punched the tent wall and felt a gooey mess all over my fist. I zipped open the tent flap door and looked out to see a hyena running away." I believed Tyler's stories. He is a devout Christian and a family man.

Mike is in his 30s and worked as an educator in eastern Canada during the off season.

He was a veteran on the Nahanni, Tatshenshini and Alsek rivers. Like all guides, he learned quickly, even effortlessly. "I never went to cooking school," he told me. "I just picked up all these skills on the trips." Mike looked like Lawrence of Arabia with his bandanna hanging down the back of his neck. I always knew where Mike was, whether on land or on water he always pitched or hung a Canadian flag outside his tent door or beside his seat on the raft.

Chris is another well traveled rafter, sea kayaker, and canoeist, digging his paddle into the waters of the Canadian North, New Zealand, Iceland, Nepal and Wales. In the off season he studies for his doctorate in ethnecology at the University of Victoria, British Columbia. He made his marriage vows, not in a church, but on a beach in an outdoor ceremony on an island in British Columbia.

The 17 guests were a mixed lot from all walks of life, lawyers, scientists, engineers, a doctor, an actor and a welder, including a number of husband and wife couples. I quickly made the acquaintance of the only doctor in our party and always pitched my tent alongside his quarters just in case of any medical emergency. I suspected he must have figured out that my close proximity at every campsite was the result of my pre planning rather than pure happenstance. We became good friends.

The rafts had already been inflated and were ready to go. Our Canadian outfitter prided himself in providing only the best brand new or well maintained equipment. Our expedition would use Maravia rafts, manufactured in Boise, Idaho. "The rafts cost \$8,000 apiece and weigh 250 pounds and that is the rubber component only," one guide said. "The metal and other accessories pile on additional weight."

That first night our guides, complete with aprons and a propane stove, served up a sumptuous dinner for the latecomers, the first of many gourmet meals throughout the trip. Along the river, about noontime and without a fixed camp, we would pull off at a gravel bar and enjoy a hot lunch prepared from scratch, complete with a table and folding chairs. Once the call went out we guests lined up early, "like ravens at the dump" in Whitey's picturesque phrase. "I drink and brush my teeth with this water straight from the river," Whitey said. "After 50 Firth trips I have never been sick. The beavers don't live this far North. It's too cold for them here." In other words, one should not fear catching giardia.



One confluence too many. Under such threatening conditions, only a fool would tempt the water devil with a run downstream. Rain swollen Joes Creek on a rampage crashes ahead to join the already overflowing Firth River, thereby canceling any thought of rafting for the day.



"Come and get it." Outfitters know that their clients and guides appreciate and expect excellent and abundant cuisine, essential both for morale and for physical stamina, on such physically demanding trips.

The next morning, all aboard, we were off in sunny mild weather. Let's go! The guides manned the oars in the four boats, each

carrying five people. The river pilot looked ahead downstream, reaching forward with each stroke. If a rock or obstacle appeared, he quickly pulled backwards. Every now and then a guest might want to handle the oars in quiet water, with professional supervision if necessary. Every river day we guests would move on to a new raft with a new guide for variety. The first two days of the descent amounted to an initiation, fairly easy white-water with an occasional splash of water to the face. Our much harder final exams would occur toward the end of the trip.

By the third afternoon we approached Joes Creek (also known as Joe's or Joe Creek), the chief tributary of the Firth, and our campsite destination was ahead on river left. A persistent drizzle accelerated with increasing strength. "We're pulling off the river," Whitey exclaimed and fortunately a decent landing pull off came into view on river right. Within minutes the guides pitched a large tent fly to provide a roof to cover the whole group, all of us huddled together. The storm became a torrent.

Whitey made the rounds with a bag, handing out chocolate bars to provide quick energy. "Reach down in your dry pack and take out your extra layers of clothes," Whitey said. We dug down for extra windbreakers, sweaters, jackets, anything at hand and pulled them down over our shoulders. I had on five layers including a goosedown coat. I must have looked a little chilled and Whitey sensed it. "Here Dick," he said, stripping off one layer from his frame, "take this jacket and return it at the end of the trip."

The storm subsided. We reboarded our rafts for the short paddle down to Joes Creek campsite. The guides immediately set up a kitchen fly and pitched tents, one by one, below the canopy to reduce any potential wetness to a minimum. Each tent holder stepped forward to take his assigned assembled tent. Once he or she carried it to their tentsite, all they had to do was to drive stakes into the ground to anchor it snug and waterproof for the night.

The next morning the Firth roared by, swollen out of control, bolstered with much added rainwater. Every morning after breakfast Whitey always laid down topo maps, weighted at the corners with stones, to demonstrate our route for the day. Like a schoolmaster at a blackboard, he pointed out areas of interest, mainly rapids, with a long stick. But today this meeting was never called. "The water is way too high," Whitey said. "I'll head up the hill and make a reconnaissance." Like an army general reconnoitering his ground, Whitey charged up the hill in a little trot and disappeared.



A sermon on the river does not necessarily require clerical garb. Guide Whitey begins each morning with a discussion of the day's objectives, pointing out on the topographic map the various obstacles and landmarks.

Along with a few others, I decided to head out of camp and walk along the high ground above the floodplain for my own evaluation. I skirted around brush and boulders to maintain my footing in this slippery tangle of mud, roots and puddles. Upon breaking through the last cluster of bushes I half gasped. Joes Creek was on a rampage in its hell bent charge attack into its confluence with the Firth which, perhaps reluctantly, accepted every drop of water. Joes Creek had evolved into a river itself, at least for the day. On the way back I noticed humpy brown ridges parallel to the Firth floodplain. These elongated mounds turned out to be dirt coverings for ice slabs, protecting the ice from melting.

Whitey returned and announced we would stay in camp. Only a fool would attempt a run that day. A one day wait would hopefully allow the discharge of water to diminish its power. Virtually all expeditions routinely allow for layover days. The next morning the one day storm was over, a typical cycle in Arctic weather. We would raft in sunlight today. Before pushing off we donned plastic helmets as a precaution against a crash, even a brush, with the upcoming canyon walls as the river pinched.

Once we were into the canyon, the twisted and folded rock walls appeared as crumpled sheets of clay which had solidified into rock bands millions of years ago. "Grab onto the ropes," shouted the guides as we clutched the fixed lines. Upon hitting a stretch of rapids, the rafts rolled and bucked with sudden lurches. Every hard splash brought a sheet of water flying onto our chests and faces. Along the way, and to the end of the trip, we would encounter many bluntly named watery moments of truth, Sluice Box Rapids, Wrap Rock Rapids, Big Ben, Roller Coaster, Surprise Rapids and Caribou Fence Rapids. Campsites and pull off the river lunch areas were few and far between with a rare gravel bar here and there.



Whenever the Firth River pinches, canyon walls squeeze the route downstream for miles. Rafters wisely don head helmets in the event of a collision against the cliff wall. Conversely, and to their advantage, peregrine falcons build their nests in clefts for safety against predators.

By day eight we approached Sheep Rapids, the most dangerous phase of the trip, three Class Four rapids in succession, namely, in order of descent, Lamb Rapids, Sheep Slot Rapids and Sheep Horn Rapids. We had heard the distant constant roar long before we had ever reached the pitch down into this turbulence. "We guides will take the rafts through," Whitey told us. "You can hike along to the top of the cliff and watch us come down."

The humpy trail, if one could even call it that, was more of a general route, a challenge in itself, in and around rocks blocking the way. I looked ahead and there, by pure chance, was another party resting on a knoll in the distance. I lagged behind as the younger friskier members of our group had easily beaten me to the overlook. When I approached the rest area I heard one woman, a member of the other party, talking to our

newly arrived group. I thought she looked familiar but I knew that the possibility of meeting a past acquaintance at Sheep Rapids amounted to sheer fantasy, a pipe dream. "I live in Haines, Alaska, and have a restaurant there," she continued. "I've descended the Colorado River Grand Canyon as a guide many times. I was on this river 17 years ago."

I wedged forward through a gap of people. I knew immediately it was Martha, one of my guides on Alaska's Canning River the year before. "I'm Dick Winslow," I exclaimed, and extended my hand in friendship. Martha likewise could not fathom that we would ever meet again, here in the middle of nowhere. We had a great reunion. "I could go to the South Pole," I have often said to myself, "enter a cabin there, whereupon I would routinely and without fanfare encounter one of my old explorer friends."

Martha's guides tackled the Class Four rapids first, each boat navigating in the zig-zag turns. Whitey wanted to let this other group barrel through first, as a guide's courtesy, whereupon in case of a dump, Whitey and his crew would have immediately sprung into action for a rescue. From his staging area, Whitey was able to plan his own descent strategy, based on his on the spot sighting. "There they go," someone shouted from our crow's nest aerie. Each boat in sequence, with a respectable distance between each, approached the lip and plunged downward into the whitewater flurry. Whitey, Tyler, Mike and Chris dug their oar blades into the water at exactly the right time and angle for a turn or an arrest. Like waterborne insects, they darted around, stop and go. "They have made it," someone yelled as we cheered the show before us, almost like watching a winning hockey goal.

Our heroes backstroked underneath the cliff and landed to pick up their passengers. Whitey clambered up the steep talus slope, a wretched scramble only fit for mountain goats. He came directly to me. "I'll help you down, Dick," as he extended his arms to grab me. We descended slowly, rock by rock, many slipping and sliding beneath our boots. With a few stretchy leaps toward the end, I arrived at my raft.

Our great canyon run continued, observed by flying peregrine falcons defending their delicately situated nests on tiny flat ledge recessed sites on the cliff face. By late afternoon we arrived at Water Survey Campsite with a white structure built for that purpose. There was snow in the gullies on the hillside near our campsite on river left. With each passing day we were approaching closer and closer to the Arctic Ocean, noted for the world's nastiest weather. Each morning I crawled out of my sleeping bag to feel an

Only the strong in body and mind need apply. The three stage set of Class IV Sheep Rapids is for experts only, as our guides plunge through a bucking water rodeo ride on rafts, not horses.



instant chill. Once dressed, I moved on my knees to crawl out of my tent into the cold. My body and mind began to shift into slow motion. It required more time to do anything. Once or twice I struggled unsuccessfully to zip my jacket, only to discover I was fumbling to insert my windbreaker jacket zipper teeth into my goose down jacket zipper thread. "It's jammed," I thought. I finally re-inserted the right teeth into the right thread for a zip up.

After breakfast Whitey conducted a mandatory exercise class. "There is only one person who can keep you warm," Whitey said, "and that is yourself." His favorite exercise was squatting up and down with his arms flailing in unison at his side. "Milk that cow," he exhorted as we all milked the phantom cow vigorously, as warm blood began to flow throughout our bodies.

The next day we arrived at the Delta Reach campsite. Ahead of us, and not to be outdone by the Mackenzie, was the braided Firth River Delta, not the solid rope we knew upstream but now cut into scores of ribbon channels as it limped toward the Arctic Ocean. In back of us was Engistciak, meaning in the Inuit language, "new or young mountain." They had used this great hill for thousands of years as a lookout for caribou migrations. We were camped below and ready for the next day's paddle and, in its own unique way, the most critical passage of the whole expedition.



Forget for a moment the beauty of the scenery to realize that these hills and crags once served a most practical purpose. Inuit hunters for centuries past utilized the high ground as lookouts to spot their prey.

The pulled apart river, about which Whitey had said, "There are a hundred channels ahead of us," would demand much scouting, route changing and dragging of the boats on foot through shallow water concealing submerged mud gravel ridges. Everyone was issued a pair of fisherman's waders in an attempt to keep us dry as we pulled through the quagmire. Whitey took mercy on me as an older person, saying he would try to drag the boat through with me in it since I did not weigh that much. If this didn't work, I should jump out.

Once beyond the alluvial fan, the multi tailed river would empty into a large lagoon. Beyond that sizable paddle loomed our goal, Nunaluk Spit, for our final campsite and bush plane runway. The whole package, as always, hinged on the weather, a strong wind and storm off the ocean sweeping inland could easily delay our final push in an instant, stranding us conceivably for days.

Whitey conducted a short meeting after supper. The evening skies were overcast. "I'll be around the tents as early as 4am tomorrow," he said, "to awake you if the weather

is decent enough to break camp. If not, we will have to delay." I slept fitfully. At 4am Whitey did not come, or by 5am, or by 6am or by 7am. I just lay there, apprehensive and nervous. At 8am Whitey appeared outside my tent and said softly, "We're moving." Upon hearing those words, my anxiety left me. I was primed to go.

We broke camp on a marginally gray day with an apparent weather window opening worthy to warrant an attempt to reach the coast. The paddling, pulling, jumping in and out of the rafts, skirting sand islands and ice tongues and rocking the rafts loose from gravel bar ridges below the water level, continued without letup for two to three hours. A tug of war raged on with no winners. Whitey often ran ahead with leaps and jumps as he checked for the best possible route. At times he even plunged into the water above the hip and the water seeped over the top of his waders. We regrouped numerous times to alter our direction and broke through clogged sections, our raft bottoms scraping over below surface humps.

We had earned a decent lunch break, beaching our rafts on one of the countless sandbars. Before tackling the grueling heave ho routine again, we relaxed, scanning the broad amphitheater of a half land, half water sweep to the horizon. Several people took out binoculars. They spotted movement far out in the delta. "There are two caribou," some-

one shouted. "I see a muskox," another said, "Look this way," a third exclaimed. "There are two trumpeter swans," said a fourth.

When the binocs were passed to me I spotted the swans, a thrill as I had never seen these birds before. Once hunted to the point of extinction, but now legally protected, these swans are now increasing in numbers. I immediately adopted the trumpeter swan as my bird of the North, just as I had embraced the caribou as my animal of the North. Hopefully these swans, the largest and heaviest species of waterfowl in North America, can live out their lives peacefully in the wild. The swans only want to be left alone, fending for themselves as they have for millions of years. As I watched, one of the swans flapped his wings in freedom.

After this pleasant interlude we moved on, seeking our own freedom from this morass. Our rafts held up, with no punctures or rips, against the almost constant plummeting against sharp stones. Hallelujah! We punched through the last barrier and shot into Nunaluk Lagoon. The surface of the water was relatively calm. Our race to the spit took on an

urgency without delay or hesitation. A brisk, head for home, half hour paddle brought us to Nunaluk Spit. We landed safely.

"This is the most spectacular campsite area," Chris said, "that you can imagine." The Beaufort Sea, a subdivision of the Arctic Ocean, heaved waves on the opposite side of the spit. Small icebergs, called "bergy bits," floated on the salt water which, in time, would roll up on the beach, usually as consolidated cakes of ice. It was a forlorn and beautiful place. We pitched our tents in the sand within horseshoe shaped driftwood windbreaks constructed by earlier parties. The nose of these barriers deflected the incoming wind from the ocean.

We guests congratulated our guides on this most successful expedition, no accidents, no injuries and no sicknesses. "We thank all of you," someone said, "and that includes Tyler." Everyone laughed at this little banter, Tyler, of course, being an outstanding leader and friend in every way.

We looked forward to our planned lay-over day on the spit. Throughout the whole trip Whitey had promoted an Arctic Ocean swim to be enjoyed once we arrived there. Unlike his exercise classes, Whitey allowed this dip to be voluntary. I waffled at length about the opportunity. "No," I said to myself, "I'll be a dropout. I have no bathing suit, and besides, I don't see any lifeguards on duty." Whitey and his crew gathered up some loose driftwood, stacking it into an elongated pyramid. Once torched, the pile became a roaring bonfire within minutes. The open ocean was 20 yards away.



As Robert Service once wrote, "There are strange things done in the midnight sun." In keeping with such bizarre happenings, an Arctic Ocean swim/dip requires a blazing bonfire to assure survival.

Don't overly tempt fate in Hypothermia Country. Tyler has just won the Olympic Arctic swim championship, limited to twenty yards and less than 60 seconds in the 20 water.





Victory! Home Sweet Home! Coming ashore at Nunaluk Spit marks the end of a long, arduous paddling and dragging day. This is our final campsite. A runway on the Spit for bush pilot planes ensures flights back to Inuvik.

Call it what you will, a rite of passage, a prank initiation, a movie stunt or a college hazing, the show was underway. All four guides, and some guests, including one woman, began a lemming like dead run for the water. I felt utterly chilled just looking at this circus spectacle. The performers hit the water with flying strides. A few then made a flat headlong swan dive. They surfaced immediately, spun around and ran for shore and the bonfire for a rubdown with a towel. Tyler dried off and warmed up. Then in a flash he went back for a second swim, a football plunge for a touch-down. Our entire party, filled with elation, crossed the goal line as winners. This Arctic meltwater torrent thoroughly lives up to its name, again in Whitey's words, as "a guide's river," a magnificent watery path coursing through the wilderness.

Our bush pilots arrived the next morning, bright and sunny, for a routine flight back to civilization.

From the mountains to the sea, the undammed and unpolluted Firth flows as a rogue river. Unless oil, natural gas and/or minerals are discovered and developed in this national park, which is by law presumably preserved for all time, there will never

be a permanent, or even a temporary settlement here, just expeditioners' tents occasionally pitched and struck. The trumpeter swans will continue to serve as resident guardians of the park, watching over this river delta for the next million years, gratis. They will not accept pay. The swans and I love the Firth.

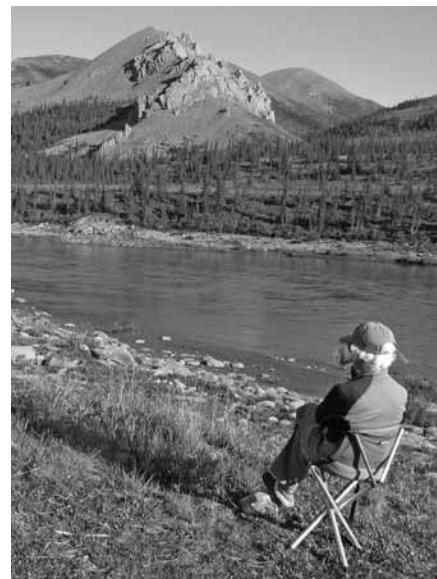
Practical Information

All expeditioners intent on descending northward flowing rivers out of the Brooks Range, Alaska and Canada need to exercise extreme caution. Even by Far North standards the Firth River is extremely remote. A medical evacuation (medivac) would be extremely costly and time consuming. This river is suited only for experienced explorers or for guides with hawk eyed supervision of their clients.

For guide service, I recommend:
Canadian River Expeditions
& Nahanni River Adventures
PO Box 31203, Whitehorse, Yukon
CANADA Y1A 5P7
Tel: 1 (800) 297-6927, 1 (867) 668-3180
FAX: (867) 668-3056



Whitey, our head guide, has enjoyed a charmed, larger than life career. Ski bum, fishing lodge owner, river rafter, accomplished chef and raconteur par excellence, he loves the North and would not live in any other place.



Whoa! Take no souvenirs. One does not disturb, remove or collect Inuit artifacts frequently encountered around their old encampments as these relics are protected by law. Modern trippers take pains to avoid interfering with such archaeological remnants left by the great hunting society.



Anything missing? Any needed repairs? After having served our expedition purposes well, deflated rafts and equipment are piled up and stacked in a huge concentration to be flown back to civilization. All waste and trash are likewise transported out to preserve pristine areas.

"It doesn't get any better than this!" Pitched on a sand dune ridge above Beaufort Sea, our tents overlook a most spectacular view, complete with icebergs floating toward shore.



Take the sky high road. Bush pilot planes are often indispensable for many Arctic river and lake paddling/rafting expeditions by avoiding a hundred mile portage with a direct flight to the put in or from the take out.



Our wilderness trippers returned from four days and three nights on the Moose River in Maine in late May. John Fitzgerald and I partnered in the red Prospector from Stevens Canoe Works, David Dumas and Jason Herod, both from Maine, traveled in the big green Chestnut Voyageur (the Voyageur is the 18' Prospector best used when moose hunting and planning on carrying the moose out of the bush). They had help from Abbie the dog who came along for the ride. Tom Anderson and Alan Doty formed the western Massachusetts brigade paddling Alan's 15' strip built Prospector. Greg and Cole O'Brien rounded out the crew in the 15' Old Town Trapper. The Old Town was the prettiest canoe on the river with the two tone paint, rub rails and outside stems, unusual for a tripping canoe.



Greg in the stern and Cole in the bow in the pretty little Trapper

Everybody left early to meet in Jackman, Maine, on Thursday May 18, to do what is referred to as the "Moose River Bow Trip" that starts and ends on Attean Pond, just off Route 201. Dave and Jason arrived first and headed off ahead of the group, the plan was that they would paddle to the end of the lake, do the mile and a quarter portage to Holeb Pond and secure a campsite there, which is what they did. Tom and Alan and the O'Briens started out a little later, John and I were the last to arrive after having to take a side trip to Rangeley on the way up. It was after 1pm before John and I were launched and paddling.

View of Attean Pond and the mountains from a lookout on Route 201.



Wind Bound in Maine Again

By Steve Lapey

We met up about halfway down the lake where Tom, Alan, Greg and Cole were taking a break from paddling in the wind that had started to intensify while they were paddling. Together we continued down the lake until we arrived at the narrows where the wind was funneled between two mountains and made paddling both extremely difficult and unsafe, so we diverted to a nearby campsite to stop and mull things over.

The campsite was just around the corner from the point of land creating the narrows and in its lee the water was perfectly smooth, completely different than the conditions just yards away.



Alan and Tom in the 15' Prospector.

At this point we had a few options. Plan A was that we would wait awhile to see if the wind died down enough, then we would attempt to paddle through the narrows, paddle the relatively short distance to the end of the lake, do the portage and meet up with Dave and Jason. Plan A didn't work. The wind never abated, if anything it became stronger as the day progressed.

Time now for Plan B. We would set up camp here for the night, get an early start moving before the wind started blowing later in the day, as it often does.



Cinnamon rolls in the reflector oven made waiting for the weather to improve easier.

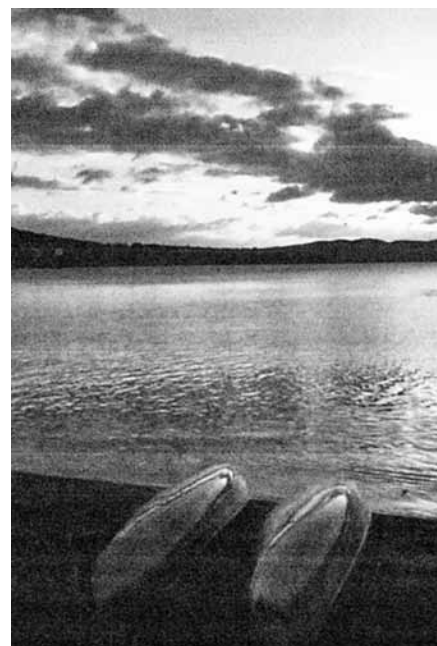
Plan B didn't work either. The wind never stopped during the night, we could hear the wind rushing through the trees all night long. We got up early, broke camp and loaded up the canoes and were on the water at 7:15am, paddled about 100 yards to the point at the narrows only to find that the conditions were worse than yesterday. As we stuck our noses out into the passage we were met with 3' rollers and spray from the whitecaps coming our way. I turned to John and said, "We have no business being here." John said "I agree," so we returned to the lee of the point. After a few minutes of pondering we all returned to the campsite to figure out what to do.



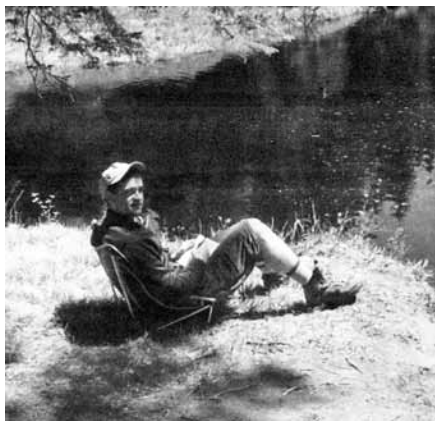
The water looks calm here but, just around the corner, the wind made progress impossible.

At this point we were running out of options. Our next option was to wait a while to see if the wind would subside. It didn't. We were fairly confident that Dave and Jason would have been able to make the short paddle on Holeb Pond and into the Moose River where the wind would not have been a factor for them and go on as planned to Holeb Falls for Friday night. We felt that if we could get moving before 2pm we would still have time to do the portage and catch up with Dave and Jason at Holeb Falls. Later than that and we would be paddling into the night to meet them. 2pm came and went with no relief from the wind. We were definitely wind bound.

Canoes at dusk on Attean Pond.



The ice went out of these lakes just over two weeks earlier and the water was as cold as one might expect, taking a chance of swamping or upsetting now was not in our game plan, so time for Plan C. Now our best option would be to stay another night at the Attean Pond campsite and then paddle downwind in the morning to where the Moose River empties into Attean Pond and paddle upstream to the campsite at Attean Falls, portage around the falls and paddle further upstream to meet our fellow travelers as they were paddling downstream.



Cole relaxing with his sketch pad at the Attean Falls.

Plan C worked. We waited until after lunch before starting upstream and hadn't gone more than three miles before we saw the big green Prospector with two happy faces heading our way. There would have been three happy faces but Abbie was sleeping in the bottom of the canoe.



Meeting Dave, Jason and Abbie on the Moose River.

Saturday afternoon was spent swapping tales of our adventures and enjoying the nice views of the Moose River from our campsite. At dinner time Greg made some scones in his reflector oven and I made another of

Portage trail around Attean Falls.



my Bake Packer cakes for dessert. Nobody comes home hungry after a Norumbega trip.

Sunday morning we awoke to find frost on the tents and ice in the drinking water but within minutes of the sun coming up it was warm enough for breakfast and packing up for the final paddle back to the landing on Attean Pond. When we got to the lake we discovered that the wind had finally died down and the water was as smooth as glass for an easy crossing.



Ice in the water bottle at sunrise, fortunately it warmed up quickly.

Back at the landing we all packed up and headed home, another Norumbega spring trip into the books and time to start making plans for next year's trip.

Looking back on the events there are a few areas where perhaps we should have done things differently and a couple of things that we did right. Perhaps Dave and Jason should not have gone on ahead, but they had

no way of knowing that the wind was going to get worse after they got to the end of the lake. They had to work to get down the lake. Once they were across the long portage we knew that they were committed to completing the trip as planned and could only continue moving. If John and I had arrived at the landing earlier we all may have been able to get an earlier start and miss the high winds.

We would have liked to have gotten to the portage to catch up with Dave and Jason, but that became impossible so we made the right decision to stay out of the dangerous water and make a safe journey to the other end of the lake. Fortunately, when we travel everyone operates as a single unit with his own gear, food and shelter. Dave and Jason had everything they needed to be out for three days and nights and we did, too. It would have been very unpleasant if, for instance, Dave and Jason had all of the food for the trip in their canoe and we had all of the tents and sleeping bags in one or two of our canoes.

As often happens on canoe trips we were forced to make hard decisions based on what was happening at the moment and I think in the end we made all the right ones.



Canoes at the take out, the end of the Moose River trip.



Being homeschoolers, we take advantage of as many hands-on learning opportunities around us as we can. Each summer a group in Massachusetts sponsors free visits to educational places on Fridays. Taking advantage of this we've gotten into Old Sturbridge Village, Plymouth Plantation and the Boston Harbor Islands Ferry. There are two Islands the Boston Harbor Island ferry free tickets get us to, Spectacle Island, most noted for its beaches, and Georges Island. Georges Island is dominated by a historic fort, most noted for its history in the Civil War. While the fort's batteries were there to defend the port of Boston, inside the fort walls an interesting collection of Civil War POW's were housed.



Small guns for island defense.

Thanks to how close Boston is, Fort Warren was about the best place to be a Confederate POW. For a small fee they could have almost any food delivered, newspapers and mail arrived almost daily, with the teaching hospitals and medical colleges in the area the men were the best cared for in any POW camp. Thanks to those benefits, and the distance from the south, Fort Warren got the very top POW's, from the Vice President of the Confederacy, to the whole Maryland state legislature (that way they couldn't vote to secede) and many more.

Among them was a common soldier with a very determined wife. After he got a letter to her telling where he was, she took matters into her own hands, travelled from Georgia to Hull, MA. There she found some southern sympathizers to plot with. On a moonless night she was rowed across to Georges Island equipped with a pistol and a pickaxe. As the legend goes she was able to make her way into the room her husband was in by slipping through the gun slit in the wall.

The group of men in the room hid her and then devised the plan of not only escaping, but blowing up the powder magazine as a blow for the south. Their tunnel was discovered before they could reach the magazine, each man was captured as they exited the tunnel, then the wife, with her hair cut short and dressed in men's clothing. She was sentenced to hang for her activities; however they couldn't find a dress to bury her in. Finally a long black robe left over from a play was found, and the execution happened.

Powder magazine.



Ghost Cannon

By Joshe Withe

In each succeeding war the island was fully staffed to defend the port of Boston, and each time sentries reported seeing a figure in black walking the walls or beaches of the Island on dark nights. A few were brought up on charges for firing at nothing, and one deserted his post after being chased by her. More than one person has reported being spoken to and a few even reported having someone start to strangle them while on night watches.

The most interesting report I ever read came from a WWII Coast Guard watcher. While on watch on Windmill Point (where the Hull Lifesaving Museum Boat House is located) he observed a dark figure walking down the beach. Due to the problems with collaborators supplying German U-boats, any activity on the beach was suspect during the war, so he followed the figure. As the figure passed under a bank on the shore, it turned and walked into the surf, no swimmer was noted, and a further search by boat turned up no body. Later discussion brought out the fact that the bank was most likely where the "lady in black" started her fateful boat ride, as the bank would put the sea out of sight of anyone on shore, and it is a very short trip out to George's Island from there. Sometime after the start of the cold war, Fort Warren was abandoned, almost demolished, and finally saved by citizens, today it is run by the Metropolitan District Commission.

There is no entry fee to George's Island, however the ferry trip out costs, so getting out there for free was worth the early start to get in line for a ticket before they were all gone. The fort is so popular that the ferry company has to put our return ferry trip time on the ticket also to make sure they get everyone off the Island. The only overnight residents are park rangers (who live outside the fort) and a few lucky visitors (boy scouts usually). During the day the rangers lead tours of the fort, taking us through the main gate and some of the more interesting parts. We were fortunate to get my kind of ranger, his dad is in charge of the fort, he grew up there, has been into every locked room and tunnel, and knows as much of the history about the fort as there is to know.

Front gate.



Besides being able to tell more than one interesting story about people who were there, or what each room was or looked like, he also had some funny stories. For many years they did a haunted fort for Halloween. In the main bakery there are two huge stone ovens with the old iron doors still in place. He said each year this became the witches' kitchen, there would be an old hag or two stirring a bubbling cauldron in the firelit room, at some point while she was talking she would open the oven door and slide a bound figure out, feel him and then slide him back in muttering that he wasn't done yet. This was our host almost every year, he said you can't imagine the things you think of lying in a dark oven lashed to a board!

The tour ends in a large gallery, the largest indoor space in the fort, one wall has cannon slits in it that face what was the main channel into Boston harbor. During WWII this area had a shooting range and two-lane bowling alley as well as a basketball (invented in MA!) court. This was the area used for drills in cold weather, and the site of the funniest story about the fort I've ever heard.



Gun slit showing Boston Harbor Light and the old ship channel into the harbor.

The ranger's dad invited Civil War reenactors out for encampments, and one year a group brought four light cannons with them. As soon as the ranger (still a kid then) saw the cannon, he began to beg his dad to get the men to fire them. First the men all dressed up paraded the central grounds, set up camp and prepared for dinner. It wasn't just dinner; it was a cotillion with the finest uniforms on the men, and the women in their fancy gowns, dancing to civil war tunes until late in the night.

Finally the ranger and his dad got the men with the cannons to fire them; they rolled the cannons down to the gallery and proceeded to arrange their equipment for an inspection and firing. The ranger broke off his story here and said "if you ever get the chance to fire a cannon, DO IT! There is nothing like setting the spark, and feeling the gun jump when you're only a foot or two away." They loaded the cannon and prepared to fire it, as they rolled the

first one up to the cannon slit the ranger said he looked out, and there in the old channel was a huge party boat lit up like a Christmas tree. Disco lights, thumping music, and people dancing away. They gave the ranger the honor of firing the first shot, and then proceeded to fire the guns down the line.

After the smoke cleared enough to see again they all looked out to see a totally dark, silent party boat, no lights, no music, no dancing, and rows of faces staring at the fort. The men fired a few more volleys, then secured the cannons and powder. When the Ranger and his dad finally made it back to the house outside the fort, the phone was ringing off the hook. The Hull Coast Guard Station was demanding to know if they were firing at boats in the channel, telling them to knock it off, and if they ever did it again they wanted to watch!

More of the group left after that story, but my family and parents walked back to the front gate with the ranger. On the way I asked him if he ever saw the lady in black. He said there are plenty of strange things that go on, on the Island. The ranger's house has a motion-activated security light on the stairs, many times rangers hear a man's heavy boots stomp up the stairs, but no one comes through the door at the top. He went and checked once when he heard a heavy tread on the stairs, the light was off, and the only guy outside was asleep somewhere else.

Inside the fort, he's been freaked out by things observed more than once, even had the light from a window blocked by something passing in front of it, and felt like something had passed between him and others standing nearby.

More than one person has looked into the records of the Island; they state there is no record of the woman behind the lady in black, while the man named as her husband died in the fort, he was never married, and he died of disease. The story became well known after it was set down by a local historian Edward Rowe Snow, only he knows if it is true or not, and he isn't here to tell us anymore. Whatever or whoever is out there, has a wonderful view of the Boston skyline, Boston harbor light, and what was once the second busiest harbor on America's coast.

Josh Withe <http://www.facebook.com/pages/Rowerwet/613242395358212?ref=hl>
Mr. Snow's legend <http://home.comcast.net/~jay.schmidt/ft.warren/ghost.html>



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On an overcast, sometimes misty morning at the end of May, students of the Merrimack River Valley Charter School met Alice Twombly of Lowell's Boat Shop and her fleet of dories at Plum Island. After towing the four replicas of 19th century fishing boats downriver with a motored skiff, she and the old Closeteer waited in the Plum Island Basin on the tidal flat. Sixteen sixth graders and teacher Andrew arrived in a bus. "Captain" Alice gathered her young landlubbers about her and explained their duties for the day. Then, to her experienced adult helpers, she ordered. "Rowing is to be done by students only."

Lowell's large dories have never had motors or even spritsails as did their ancestors of yore. In their forerunners' serious 19th early 20th century fishing days they were lowered off schooners with two men and a tub trawl, a long coiled line with baited hooks. Our replicas, built a century later, each had only two pairs of oars, anchor and a life jacketed young crew of four plus an adult cox'un. The 19th century fishermen without life jackets or cell phones had only fishing gear, a small sail, oars, a tin horn, bailing bucket and a cast of fresh water. Many couldn't swim.



Two dories of four being pulled by their student crews on the mouth of the Merrimack River tidal flats. Salisbury is seen to the north across the river. (Alice Twombly Photo)

Most of the kids could swim but we didn't test them. We would not be out on the ocean in the swells and chop. Our classrooms were the low tide flats of the Mighty Merrimack's mouth. A breeze from the south affected the small amateurs' rowing. The first half hour was spent spinning 'round and 'round. The cox'uns frequently ordered their crews, "Starboard stop." "Port stop." "All together now, pick up the stroke on Emily." The young rowers caught on and straightened out more or less as they rowed from place to place, sometimes going aground. The commands then turned to, "All out. Wade and pull." "Back aboard." "Out oars." "Altogether now."

And so it went from shoulder to ankle deep shallows with stops at exposed flats and bars where we stopped to see what could be found. Sand eels skittered about in the low tide pools on a large bar mid river called The Humpsands. Kids scooped up in hands a few of the transparent beauties. Excited terns

Class on the Tidal Flats

Reprinted from the *Water Closet*
Newsletter of the Middleton Stream Team

making a pleasant racket above swooped down for snacks. Green crabs, predators of little clams, crawled over and under the sand.

On one black muddy sandy beach students dug out large clams by hand. The soft-shelled mollusks squirted at their captors. While this was happily going on the old Closeteer, who had been recruited for the day by "Captain" Alice, wandered up the beach as his thoughts drifted back four centuries. In his mind dark haired, red brown skinned children played on the flats. Their mothers and sisters dug clams with forked sticks. Their exchanges were in Algonquian. No English was heard but the dreaming Closeteer could guess what they were saying. Alice had turned into an impressive, elderly squaw watching over four dugout canoes. With lance held at the ready the Closeteer looked for flounders and eels to spear. Indian men didn't dig clams.

The dream flashed forward two to three centuries. English speaking boys helped their fathers dig clams on the same flats and bars. Now and then they'd find lumps of coal that had spilled off the coal ships that brought it to the Merrimack's cities before the railroads. Pieces are still found. We adults told the kids about the shiny black rocks. In the Closeteer's dream he was fishing on an ebbing high runner tide when a spanking new clipper ship passed that had just been rigged at Cushing's Wharf in downtown Newburyport. She was carefully piloted on peak high with just jib and mizzen sail set. Her anchor detail would remain manned until safely at sea. She loomed above the cheering fishermen in dories. The Closeteer, his bucket full of flounders as it had been as boy 70 years before in the same place, awoke and found himself surrounded by lively 21st century kids.



Sixth grade girls from the Merrimack River Valley Charter School dig soft shelled clams with hands from low tide flat. (Alice Twombly Photo)

Student and classmates finding clams in the twice daily exposed mud flats. (Alice Twombly Photo)



The old man thought to call the kids around him and tell them of the past. He relented, not wanting to see the flat turned into a classroom. Let them be free in the salty air with their own thoughts as were the terns. They could study history and later remember the day when they learned to row in ancient wooden boats and got wet in the soft mud and shifting sand somewhere just west of Plum Island in the broad mouth of the Merrimack, the source of their school's name. We hoped the day at low tide will be remembered as a high for them. Perhaps some will return in homemade dory, canoe or better still a motorless vessel of their own design.

On the flood tide all these thoughts turned in the tired Closeteer's mind as he and the "Captain" towed the empty dories without fish or kids back to Amesbury.

(Alice Twombly is Waterfront Coordinator/Education at Lowell's Boat Shop, Amesbury, Massachusetts, and member and leader of the Rings Island Rowing Club, Salisbury, Massachusetts, circa 1985 to 2005.

Sometimes Little Things Can Be Pretty Exciting

It's been two whole years since *Lady Bug* has looked like a sailboat. It was the Palooza in June 2015. Long, long time and no good excuse.



The poor girl has been tucked away in this storage stall and that shed and those "temporary" parking spots and even into and out of the shop a couple of times. All with the best of intentions and with the poorest of results. What a deal, huh?

Last winter, after the ground was already frozen, after it was already snowing for a few weeks, after everybody was snuggled in and tarped and all that I just took a peek under her hatch to just make sure things were OK. Big oops! There was a bunch of gallons of ice water sloshing across the cabin sole liquid enough to have permeated the flotation foam throughout the inner liner, cold enough to be ready to start freezing in a matter of days or even hours. I got alarmed about the possibility that standing water in the bilge might have penetrated into the keel's ballast. Ice could then blow the hull wide open.



The whole thing was a classic lose/lose situation. Do nothing and risk destroying the hull. Tear too much of the interior apart and get to rebuild it in the spring. I chose to tear

The View from Almost Canada by Dan Rogers

things apart and it was a mess. Once exposed, that damn foam continued to shed water for days. I'd get it all sopped up and "dry." Next morning there was another cold puddle and to this day I've never figured out where all that water came from. Weird, huh?

At any rate, this week was finally time to attack the situation. Her interior was a mess and for maybe obvious reasons I didn't chance to take any pictures so all I have is pictures of the more or less resurrected cabin interior. And the short trip *Lady Bug* made it into the shop earlier in May didn't last long. I needed the space for "domestically approved" projects.



At least she fits through the door with only the stern rail mounted VHF whip needing to be cranked down. But there just wasn't an overhaul in the mix after all. Too many clamoring agendas buzzing about this year so back outside Miss 'Bug went and waited patiently until today.

Basically we now have a rudimentary "recliner" chair. Most of the elix equipment has been disposed of. Just about every "cruising" adaptation and weight gain has been removed. The idea is to simply go sailing for the time being. This boat isn't planned for a cross country trailering marathon, not this year at least. Just launch, raise the sails and get underway. That's the plan anyway. Remarkably it seems that all the major parts were still in place and ready to do just that.



Now. If I can just remember where I put that pesky trailer license plate we can simply go sailing. How hard can it be to find that plate anyhow? Only been a couple years. Really. How hard can it be?

A Boy and His Dog An Excellent Adventure

In some ways it's like traveling with a baby, but no human baby I've ever been in the same car with will sit quietly hour after hour with little more than the occasional request to scratch its ears. We were out about a week, Jamey and me.

Just we boys checking out the new sights, conversations and smells. Something like a 1,200 to 1,400 mile odyssey to Fern Ridge. The locals call it the "mud hole." All in all, a quite delightful place a long ways away from home. But that's what adventures are all about!

It was on our way home after several hours and several hundred miles of pounding north and then east on several interstate highways that the radio suddenly was offering a musical lament that chorus with "...gotta take the, gotta take the back roads..." Wilson, our ancient GPS, took up the meme and began demanding that I take such and such an exit. Wilson has been calling the shots for over a decade of these excursions hither and yon.

So, without really consulting the chart I was suddenly looking down, waaaay down, from a very narrow low sided and high up bridge over the Columbia River. We came to a five way intersection where the destinations are uniquely marked. To the left, "Next gas 75 miles." To the right, "Next gas 82 miles."

And straight ahead, “Next gas 50 miles.” The 50 miler looked the most interesting. I consulted with Jamey.

He said, “...get on with it...”

Not what you might think of as a great place to tow a high hatted, long boat trailer. Me neither but our local version of the Great American Desert beckoned.



But I was about to tell you about going to Fern Ridge. A couple of times each year the COOTs gather there. Our Grand COOT-bah is none other than the legendary John Kohnen, a fellow of many interests and diverse intellectual curiosity.



Jamey and I showed up a day early for the conclave. The folks at the county owned marina and campground were gracious and helpful. We felt right at home and we immediately began to make new acquaintances of the boating persuasion.



Quite remarkably this place has more 50 year old boats than just about any place I’ve ever been. Most of ‘em look showroom new. Amazing.



And a large collection of somewhat newer boats, many of them well sailed and well manicured.



With the possible exception of my own forward lookout, of course. The main event was a COOT gathering at a little beach park a couple of miles from the marina Jamey and I called home for three nights. A snug little hidey hole in the reeds, with lousy holding. I hasten to add.



With nearly as many COOTboats showing up by land as by water.



It's not how we get there that matters quite so much as that we got there. A chance to tell lies. A chance to offer critiques. A chance to just relax and be a COOT.



Jamey and I were the first to arrive and just about the last to depart. We got underway each morning and found a different anchorage to make breakfast. A wonderful way to start off a day off!



And we chased all over the lake, pulling photoboot duty for COOTboats and strangers alike



Then, all too suddenly, it was time to come back to the ramp, haul out, hook up and head out.

And time to shift the watch from *Miss Kathleen* to *Big Red*. See you out there next time maybe?



Big Sky

Jim said, “Why dontcha come over for the weekend?”

I said, “See you Thursday.” Like I’ve been saying, simple, just hook up and head out. Adventure is where we find it. It does, however, help if we go looking for it. I do admit that Montana is not only a long way from just about anyplace once we get going, it’s a long way from just about anyplace once we get there. Like those folks say, it’s Big Sky country. And big water.



Flathead Lake has been on my “list” for the longest time. Real damn big and pretty shallow at the top end, pretty damn big and pretty shallow at the bottom. Kinda round and not a lot of places to tuck into and surrounded by more mountains than just about anyplace this side of Prince William Sound. So I gassed up Big Red, hooked up *Miss Kathleen*, tossed a few changes of sox into an AWOL bag, figured there’s “something to eat in the locker” and took onboard the First Mate. Head ‘em up, move ‘em out!

Phil said he’d meet up with me someplace along the way or maybe “when we get there.” These things don’t really take a whole lot of planning.



There are quite a few nifty places along the trail east. In fact, the route I took is called “Road to the Buffalo,” pretty much the same ancient route the Nez Perce and other indigenous peoples were walking centuries before Lewis and Clark came along and put Anglo names on every rock and puddle. It’s tall timber, dramatic hills and big horn sheep country.



And then, almost all the way into a long day’s drive, Phil appeared in Wild Horse Plains. So one Frankenbot and one factory stock sailboat joined up and headed for the municipality of Somers, Montana. It’s what’s left of a long ago mill town. They cut ties for the railroad there. Logs were floated in from both river drives and booms formed along the lake. The town itself pretty much remains in the original format, the houses burrow into the hillsides. No urban sprawl for this little community. Speaking of hillsides, Jim had us parked in terraces.



Mrs Jim, Janel, had other plans for the weekend. That left just us boys, a non stop discussion of boats, boasts and the occasional lie.



We swatted mosquitoes and drank beer on Jim’s deck, inspected his boats in progress and then told more lies and drank more beer. Jamie the sea dog and I took a couple of walks around the neighborhood. We even got to talk to the “Scarecrow Lady,” a local artisan of eclectic tastes.



But we had come a long ways to put boats in the water so, come morning, that was Job #1.



Phil left his Potter on the hard and crewed for Jim in his Mike’s Boat, *Desdemona*. We launched in Somers and tooled around the small collection of islands and here and there along the north shore.



Jamie, *Miss Kathleen* and I provided photoboot services.



And, speaking of Jamie, he kept asking me, “Who’s this Captain Spillow and why does he care where I sit?” Noon came and the nearest restaurant was about eight miles down lake. We pulled into a “still closed for the season” marina complex and made ourselves at home.



Being the Montana resident, Jim demonstrated the “cowboy toss” with his stern line around the piling.



Several times in fact. Then, after another nightly round of beer and lies, we were off to the south end of the lake, destination Finley Point State Park. There are no en route pictures, I’m one of those people who can compare the phrase “mildly acrophobic” with the phrase “a little bit pregnant.” I had all ten white knuckles wrapped around the wheel the whole run along the cliffs overlooking the east side of the lake, but the end of the road was in many ways the end of the rainbow.

Another not yet open for the season kinda place but the camp hosts told us we could use the docks “at our own risk” and we didn’t even have to pay the going tariff. Soooooo, whip me, beat me, make me write bad checks...



A pretty nice setup and the view of the sunset was superb.



With two boats and four sailors we headed out to see the sights. Quite a few islands, many sparsely inhabited. Some of the mainland peninsulas were a bit more upscale.



Some of the local folk seem to be a bit more upscale than others.



Like just about everyplace up in this corner of the country this spring, pollen, pollen everywhere. Much of the big, big lake was speckled in yellow rafts of pollen globs. I suppose even the fish are sneezing and complaining about watery eyes.



Phil, Jamie and I spent the night moored in the basin. The wind did kick up and we pretty much can describe how the worm in a well shook up, almost empty bottle of tequila must feel. The surge comes into that concrete enclosure and gets everything to pitching and rolling. As it continued to build, I found myself wondering if we might have to pull the boats out at zero dark thirty. The concrete seawall and the surf at the ramp gave new meaning to “at your own risk.” We added scope and spring lines and slept fitfully. By daylight all was forgiven.



There was more lake to take a gander at. Wild Horse Island was about 12 miles to the northwest, it seemed like a reasonable turn around point.

I guess the horses had the day off, none sighted even with the First Mate taking his turn at lookout.



From his very own helm seat no less. We did sight some members of the local tribe out on a voyage of their own.



Somehow we lost one anchor, almost lost the second and had engine failure all in the same half hour. More than a little spooky. Then there's that matter of the missing receiver hitch retainer pin lock. Can't explain that one to my own satisfaction either. One of those "Twilight Zone" moments. In all my 60 years around boats I have never lost even one anchor. Never. Ever. Not one. But I'll get back to that one in a bit. This is actually a tale of all but deserted water, the occasional "pole person" and unlimited cartwheels.



Adventurous? Oh my God, yes! Prudent? Not so much. That water hurt my feet just to wade in at the ramp for about a minute. We're all young once and most of us who do get to get old, do it pretty much by accident.

Then it was time to head for the ramp and the highway home. After about 50 or 60 miles by water we made a just about per-

fect landing along that concrete wall. Nobody there to cheer but Jamie did a great job of calling in ranges to the bridge watch standers from the forward conn.

Yep, adventure is where you look for it. We really didn't have to look all that hard. You really oughta come along with us next time. Never know what you'll find, eh?



Priest Lake Weekend Up, Down and Sideways



And just to be clear, that stream was still in the form of snow yesterday, or maybe the day before that. So put a couple of boats in the water, get a few friends and relatives in 'em and just go! And that's just what we did. There was me, Jamie the sea dog, *Miss Kathleen*, niece Jill, grandniece Sydney, friends, Jim and Nikki, Half Pint and their daughter Angelique. A bit of a revolving cast of characters over the course of a weekend. The bazillion hectares of tall timber and the equal spread of crystal clear water were apparently not yet open to the general public, just us at that true gem of a place, Priest Lake.





On Saturday Jill, Sydney, Jamie and I took a bit of a sentimental journey in *Miss Kathleen*. My little brother Lee was Jill's dad. Jill and Sydney had never been to these places that their dad/grandpa and I used to haunt as kids. A pretty easy situation to remedy, we just hooked up the boat and headed north. Easy. *Miss K* was humming along, the afternoon southerly was somewhat late in filling in. Just a light chop on an empty lake, just our small group of adventurers. We anchored off Bottle Bay and paddled ashore in the inflatable dink, Plan B.



This is the exact spot my family used to spend one or two weeks each summer, camping out. This is where the five of us would come in that itty bitty 12' plywood skiff. That little boat had to resemble the arrival of the Beverly Hillbillies when we'd haul all that gear ashore to support life in the wilderness for a week.

This time we had a way bigger boat and travelled light. After the obligatory wade in the lake we took a walk in the adjacent woods.



In fact, this entire weekend, spent with seven and eight year old girls required absolutely no electronic devices, just running and splashing.

And giggling, of course, lots and lots of giggling. And some rope climbing, gotta have rope climbing.



And lots of sniffing.



And more hikes in the woods. Coming here by boat was just about the most delightful way to get here.



That is unless we lose an anchor and have the motor quit. Other than that. But heck, maybe I should tell you about that some other time. We were having just too much fun splashing and hiking and giggling to get too worked up about a silly ol' shipwreck.



You do know that you really, really should come with us next time. Anytime, some time. It's really easy. There's always room for one more.





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That man was my father (my very Irish father) who I do not ever recollect being in or near a boat in his life. But he did love his drink, which made him mean at times. The result of this particular drinking session was that he became co owner of a 52' sloop on Boston's Charles River. Its mission for him and a man I will call John was to sail the sloop to Florida and take parties out on sailing trips.

Sara's (or *Zara's*, could have been either name) specs were 52' long, 10' draft, 79' mast, real heavy keel and what seemed to be an acre of mainsail. I was told she should have a crew of five to man it. We spent quite a few days (John and I) scraping and painting the old boat.

I recall someone had said they thought she was a Bar Harbor Class racing sloop. I think she was wooden, I know the deck was as my bunk was in the bow and it got very wet every time it rained or we took water over the bow. The bunk had a woolen blanket.

The great departure day came just before Thanksgiving 1944 (or possibly 1945, I was 15 or 16 years old). My father volunteered my services as part of his share of running the boat, only telling me about this a few days before departure. Now I might have rowed a small boat a time or two prior to this but that would have been all the experience I had afloat. So there we were, the crew, John, the Captain with Captain's papers (so he said), his wife who knew nothing about a boat and had absolutely no desire to learn, and I.

I do not recall much about the first part of the trip, I know we spent Thanksgiving Day in a bar, John and his wife drinking and me wondering about the future. It could have been in Plymouth or someplace nearby between there and Boston.

My next recollection was the *Sara* tied up at the engineer's dock at the southern end of the Cape Cod Canal for a day and my taking our dinghy out to practice my rowing skills. The dinghy and I made it to the far side of the canal, only to find the tide run had carried us a fair ways to the north. After waiting for the tide to turn, I made it back to the *Sara*. As I recall, it was quite exciting a few times in the wakes of the big boats passing through. I quickly learned a lot about handling a dinghy the hard way.

The next episode that has stuck in my head all these years was at Hell's Gate. I think that the name alone spooked me but the East River beyond was a turmoil of wakes from the huge tugboat wakes bouncing back and forth making *Sara* a challenge to hang onto as we had no lifelines on her. I hung onto the mast stay for dear life, it was a thrill for me at that age.

After passing the Statue of Liberty (beautiful) we went on out past Sandy Hook where I had my first sight of the huge (and I mean really huge!) swells coming in at us. The only time I have ever seen much larger waves was on Coast Guard Beach in Eastham, Massachusetts, on outer Cape Cod on the morning of February 8, 1978. I was the only person out there at the time and the last to see Henry Beston's "Outermost House" up close where it sat bottomed out in a tidal creek in the nearby marsh, about 200' from its foundation posts before it rode the outgoing tide to its destruction in Nauset Inlet later that day.

All that was left behind were some posts, the well pipe and a bird feeder which I took with me to give to Man Waldron, author

A Man Goes Into a Bar

By Mark Holland

of *Journey to Outermost House*, with who I often had coffee on my many walks on that beach. Man and Ted spent a lot of time in that old house.

After getting through the waves coming across the parking lot, I found a National Park ranger waiting for me with a small group of folks. The ranger proceeded to chew me out for risking my life out there. When he was through he looked at me and asked, "What was it like out there?" I understand that the bird feeder is now in Eastham's Historical Museum.

After leaving Sandy Hook we set sail for Atlantic City. It was a beautiful sunny day, just a joy until somehow the dinghy we were towing filled with water and broke the towline. Captain John told me he would come about and for me to go up by the mast as he sailed up to it for me to grab it. Well, like I said, I was young and had not had time enough in my life yet to gain much savvy. But I was learning quickly that day. I found that it was not a good idea to hold onto the mast and lean over the side to try to grab a dinghy full of water as *Sara* sailed by it. But I believe this accounts for my long reach later in life. After several failed attempts we abandoned the dinghy. That had been exciting but little did I know then how much more exciting the day was about to become.

We made it to Atlantic City. After taking the sails down Captain John powered up the Gray Marine engine and headed into the channel toward the beach, then north in the channel to the marina. Well, it was supposed to happen that way but it didn't! The channel went north alright, between the beach and the bar, the bar with those huge swells coming over it. Guess where Captain John somehow put *Sara*, remember this boat's draft was 10'.

We went up and down, then up and down when we hit bottom. The shock was tremendous, then *Sara* heeled over until it looked like the mast was parallel with the water. No doubt it was not that far over but it sure felt like it.

I was up by the mast hanging onto the stays and as scared as I've ever been in my life. I have no idea how many swells we took, all I know is that a Coast Guard boat showed up at the bow and threw a line to us. While I have no memory of what followed, somehow the line got tied off and I was the only one up on the foredeck. They got us off the bar and into the marina. *Sara's* interior was total devastation. Captain John's wife was so scared I thought she would pass out. We stayed at the marina quite a number of days getting squared away. Following this catastrophe, Captain John produced a lead line that I became really good at using.

Eventually we left Atlantic City and headed south for Cape May where we found that the Coast Guard station was flying a small craft warning flag. But Captain John decided to go up Delaware Bay to the Delaware Chesapeake Canal. We were running under power and the weather was deteriorating rapidly. It was getting really rough and the Gray Marine started to acting up. Captain John went below to check it out and after a

while when he didn't reappear, I went below and found him passed out. Somehow I managed to get him up on deck to fresh air. His wife became really hysterical.

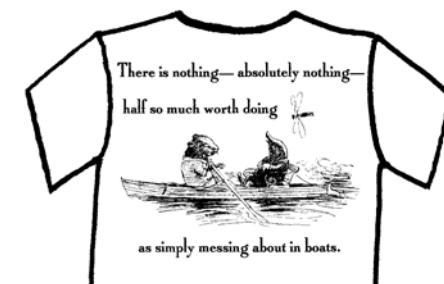
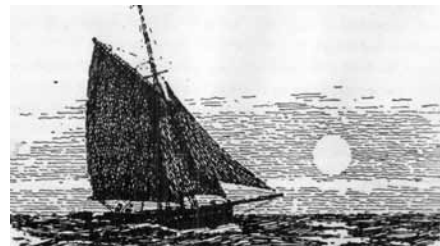
We were rapidly being blown into shallow water on the Jersey shore. There was a large old anchor tied just in front of the mast, as far as I knew the only one onboard. It looked like an old fashioned kedge. I got it over the side and as luck would have it, it held. This was my first time anchoring a boat, before this we had always tied off at a dock.

We sat at anchor for many hours, waves breaking over the bow sending water the whole length of the boat. We had about 3' of water below that we could not get rid of. About 2am two big sea tugs came out to rescue a tug and its barge that the storm had blown into the shallow water beyond us. They also found us and towed us to the Delaware Canal for more days of drying out.

After all this, our trip was a pleasant one down Chesapeake Bay to Norfolk, then down the Dismal Swamp Canal. Then going into Morehead City, Captain John decided to follow a fishing boat into port. We hit some underwater object and broke the stuffing box and so the boat had to be hauled out for repairs. Neither Captain John nor my father could come up with the money for the repair bill and so the boatyard took over the boat for the unpaid repair and storage fees.

Many years later while driving down Rt 17 right after Hurricane Hugo, I saw a boat that looked just like *Sara* as I drove by over a bridge in Washington, North Carolina. It was tied up on the north bank east of the bridge. It would be nice to know if she still sails.

The *Sara* had no radio, no depth finder, none of the many goodies found on boats today, not even chain on the anchor rode. We had to be tough in those days, I guess. At the end of that voyage I never wanted to see another sailboat. But we now enjoy our Westerly Nomad which we have had for many years, moored on Upper Klamath Lake, Oregon.



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Gray Fleet

The Coast Guard continues its quest for additional icebreakers because Russia and China are rapidly expanding their Arctic fleets. Admiral Paul Zukunft testified that Russia alone has 40 icebreakers and is ready to swoop into the seas north of Canada compared to the United States' single heavy duty icebreaker. The Coasties have fought for five years to add three additional heavy ships and three medium ships to their command. He stated that the *Polar Star USCGC (WAGB-10)* is 40 years old and virtually on life support.

He further attested that the polar ice-cap is retreating at a record pace, opening up to merchant shipping as never before. He ignored the obvious issue of military use of a Northwest Passage. However, he reiterated that the Arctic is rich in oil and the US has not signed the Law of the Seas Convention. As it currently stands, China is preparing to build offshore oil rigs for the Arctic in areas that could be claimed by the US.

Senator Tammy Baldwin (D-Wisconsin) sent a letter to President Trump requesting the building of three additional LCS ships or face the loss of thousands of jobs at Marinette Marine in Wisconsin and Austal in Alabama. Of course, she was strongly supported by the Navy. Senator Baldwin claimed that over 12,000 jobs would disappear in 42 states, creating havoc with the shipyards' ability for continuity of supply. The LCS history is so pathetic but so lucrative that any deviation from the plans would disrupt shipbuilding throughout the US. Evidently building lemons is profitable and desired.

Sean Stackley, then Acting Secretary of the Navy, cited that the LCS builders (mentioned above) have an unfair advantage in shipbuilding competition because they are already geared up to make frigate hulls similar to the LCS frames. He mentioned that the Navy has not built frigates since the 1970s and '80s. I will bet Senator Baldwin doesn't mind the advantages for Marinette Marine.

In a typical statement from President Trump regarding the new launch system scheduled for the *USS Gerald Ford* class carriers he said that he wanted, "Goddamn steam catapults instead of 'no good' electromagnetic launchers." He went on to say "it sounded bad to me. Digital. They have digital. What is digital? And it's very complicated, you have to be Albert Einstein to figure it out."

Both spokespersons for Huntington Ingalls, the builder of the *Ford* class carriers, and General Atomics, the developer for the new launch systems, referred reporters to the Navy Department. Acting Secretary Stackley simply stated that he had yet to brief the President on the issue.

The *Ticonderoga* class guided missile cruiser *Lake Champlain (CG-57)* collided in heavy fog with a Korean fishing boat in international waters off Korea. The skipper attempted to radio the 65' fishing vessel and blasted his horn but was unable to avoid the crash. Both ships were able to get underway under their own power although both the Navy and the Korean Coast Guard are investigating. The cruiser appeared to have a dent in the port side amidship. No injuries were reported.

White Fleet

Hurtigruten, a ferry service in Norway, has filed numerous suits against Norwegian ports for overcharging port fees. In one port fees increased over 500% in one year. The



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

company sued and won in the Norwegian Supreme Court. The ferry company operates 24/7 at several ports in Norway and enters several ports twice a day but is charged a 24 hour fee each time it enters the harbor. One port authority was forced to reduce its charges by 90%. Hurtigruten claims that certain cities have illegally fixed prices, padded expenses and refused negotiation. The Norwegian government admitted that 29 of 34 ports had misinterpreted the law and wildly overcharged when the 2012 laws were actually meant to reduce costs of ship berthing.

Norwegian Cruise Line recently laid the keel for the *Norwegian Bliss*, a 167,800 ton beauty that will pamper 4,200 guests. MeyerWerft of Papenburg, Germany, is building the ship.

If you like belly laughs you will enjoy Carnival Cruise Lines' Punchliner Comedy Clubs planned for next year. Twenty-five thousand comedy performances will headline the company's fleet of 25 cruise ships. The Director of Entertainment, Chris Nelson, feels this is an inexpensive way to keep the folks happy.

Greece has experienced a marked drop in cruise vacationers as people avoid anything in the eastern Mediterranean. Various consultants, meeting at the Posidonia Conference, maintained that Greece needs to think outside the box to attract more tourists. What did consultants say before they invented the cliché "think outside the box?" One cruise line CEO stated that their ships go where the passengers want to go. Clearly he should be awarded the "Captain Obvious" trophy for Executive Mumbo Jumbo.

Inland Waterways

We're #1. We're #1. Give a foam finger to Iowa. First it was rated #1 in the country for horrible infrastructure, especially bridges (*Time* magazine). Governor for Life Terry Branstad is leaving the Gold Dome after 24 years to be the new Ambassador to China. Maybe there is a chance to be #2 or #3 among the baddies. Now the US government says that 50% of all Iowa lakes, streams and rivers are polluted above acceptable standards. Eating an Iowa fish is not good for you. Swimming in Iowa lakes, streams and rivers is not good for you. Drinking water from an Iowa town that draws its water from Iowa's lakes, streams and rivers is not good for you. With the esteemed and beloved Governor moving to China ("on a very slow boat" stated someone in the *Cedar Rapids Gazette*, not me), maybe the folks in Des Moines can think about doing something besides taking away the right to negotiate salaries from state employees.

On the other hand, the REALLY DEEP POLITICAL POCKETS belong to Farm Bureau's PAC and it hates mucking about on environmental issues. The primary polluters are farmers! Nitrates, ammonia, pesticides, herbicides and manure run directly into waterways. Des Moines attempted to sue

the rural counties north of the city but they lost (thanks, Supreme Court). Now you know why Iowans prefer beer.

The Red River is silting in and this major artery in Louisiana may obtain the aid it requires because the Army Corps of Engineers has announced plans to deepen the river from Shreveport to the junction of the Mississippi and Atchafalaya. The current mean depth is 9' and commercial traffic needs a minimum of 12'.

Peter, Paul and Mary used to sing "Big boat up the river and she can't come down." SeaCor Inland River Service's SCF division launched the first 160', triple screw tow with Z drive thrusters. Pushed by Cummins QSK 60-M main engines (2,200hp each) teamed with SteerProp azimuth thrusters attached to a Voith Coupling to protect the engines in case of a prop snag, this tow is unique in the US but two others are in the making. "Computational Fluid Dynamics modeling was conducted on hull design to ensure proper flow in the three drive units and to maximize barge train efficiencies," said an engineer from the Shearer Group. Thirty-six different hull designs were tested in the designing process. What this all means is beyond a West Wight Potter sailor's understanding, but make no mistake, this is a big one.

Bollinger Shipyard of Louisiana just opened a new drydock with a lifting capacity of 4,000 tons. The 198'x76' dock sits next to the yards 5,800 ton docks. The Mrs Joy resides in Algiers, Louisiana, one of ten shipyards operated by Bollinger who proffers full building and repair facilities as well as building Navy patrol boats, tugs, drilling rigs, life boats and barges.

What is a life worth? According to a California court the family of a man killed in an accident when a tug bracing a derrick allowed the rig to topple and pin a man who was running for his life, his life is worth \$400,000. Video clearly showed he was aware of the falling rig, was attempting to escape, was alive when he was pinned and was gurgling blood when reached. Four hundred grand is pocket change for large corporations.

If you don't fully appreciate the inland waterways business, you simply need to look at the several page listing of exhibitors at the Inland Marine Expo in St Louis. I wonder what they give away as samples and prizes at the IMX?

Carter Lake, Iowa, is a very small Iowa community surrounded by Omaha, Nebraska. The poorly placed town was on the east side of the Missouri River where it should be since the river is the dividing line between the two states. Unfortunately, the Missouri had a mind of its own and moved its channel eastward leaving the village on the wrong side of the river. This oddity creates a modest set of unique problems like water, sewer, roads, etc. It remains one of those crazy places where you have to go east from Iowa to get to the Omaha airport!

Merchant Fleet

Somali pirates stole a UAE bunker tanker off the town of Alula in the semi-autonomous region of Puntland, a region known for pirates and extremists connected to al Qaida. *Aris 13* was crewed mostly by men from Sri Lanka. The whereabouts of the ship is unknown at this time.

Washington officials surprised absolutely no one when they said that China is using thousands of fishing vessels as spy

ships keeping an eye on all foreign naval ships. What concerns strategists is the definition of "Navy." Can these ships be considered para military? It's a bit like defining the difference between a ship and a boat. It is all in the eye of the beholder.

Yet again the maritime services complain about the lack of upcoming merchant officers. The Merchant Marine Academy and various marine academies produce approximately 900 graduates annually but the shortage of licensed officers is estimated at 70,000. Paul Jaenichen Sr of the US Maritime Administration (MARAD) told Congress that one issue is the transfer from military to maritime requirements. Much of the training of former Navy officers is not applicable to obtaining a mariner's license, therefore the switch from Navy to Merchant is difficult.

Jaenichen also raised the specter of old merchant ships owned by the US government and used as National Defense Reserve Fleet or Ready Reserve Fleet. He confronted Congress about lack of spending on these ships that are to be used in emergencies. After the attack on Pearl Harbor, the Navy only had three tankers available for the Pacific and one of them was sunk at Coral Sea. Reserve ships are easily overlooked albeit necessary.

In 1954 a study revealed that the freighter *Warrior* carried 5,000 tons of goods in 194,582 cases, boxes, crates and cartons. Loading the ship took six days, it sailed for ten and half days and it took four days to unload it. Fuel and handling absorbed 50% of the costs. Trucking magnate Malcolm McLean thought this was sinful so he purchased his own shipping line and experimented with uniform sized containers. He reduced loading costs of \$5.83 per ton to an incredible \$.16.

These containers can be lifted by crane and placed directly aboard a truck or railroad car without the backbreaking muscle power of stevedores. The universal measure of these containers is 20'x8'x8.5' and is considered one 20' equivalent unit (TEU). With the ultimate use of computers, the contents are easily weighed and programs direct placement aboard ship to ensure balance. Today's cargo ship can haul 18,000 TEUs. Ports are no longer in cities but separate areas for direct access to railroads and interstates. Interestingly, shipping has become a slightly invisible business. Joe Six Pack hardly knows that 90% of all world shipping is done on water.

Contrary to campaign rhetoric, President Trump's budget calls for significant reduction of port infrastructure. The 31% planned reduction of EPA hammers grant monies for facility upkeep and the Diesel Emission Reduction Act is to be cut by 83%. Grant money from this act provides funds for port authorities to implement better, more efficient and more effective equipment. The Harbor Maintenance Fund will face a 23% reduction. Port officials are in a slight panic. For the Trump supporters in the industry somehow the old Chinese proverb comes to mind, "Beware of what you wish for, it may come true."

Historical Irony: Richard V. Spencer, a former USMC aviator, was named as the new Secretary of Navy. From 1947 through 1954. Presidents Truman and Eisenhower tried to eliminate the Marine Corps and put Navy aviation under the Air Force. Poor old Ike got caught lying about his role in the affair. Unfortunately, even the CNO was willing to rid the Navy of the Corps. The Marine Corps

is stronger than ever, and one of its own now runs the Navy.

Accidents

A crane collapsed killing six and injuring 20 or 22, depending on whom you listen to, in a Korean shipyard that was building a drilling rig for use off the coast of Norway. The damage to the rig itself was unknown. The rig was to be in place and operational next year. In an industry that is loosely regulated and within countries where life is pretty cheap, the number of deadly accidents seems to be down.

Four Dutch fishermen were rescued after their boat capsized. Two fishing boats took off but one returned during a sudden storm. Exactly what happened is unknown but one boat sank tossing its four sailors into the water, however, three were in immersion suits but one only had a life jacket. The 40° water caused some hypothermia but a ferry that deviated from its regular course, a helicopter and a rescue boat rescued the crew after one of the men used his cell phone asking for help. What a modern world we live in.

The tanker *Zircon* endured a large fire in the engine room off the coast of Latvia. The captain did not request evacuation of the crew or assistance as his own men successfully fought the flames for several hours. The Latvian Coast Guard is keeping a close eye on the ship but there did not seem to be any pollution or injuries.

Russian barge NGSP 313 sank while hauling a load of reinforced concrete on the Yugan Ob River. The boat started to list to port and heavy winds pushed it until she took on water. Although the crew tried desperately to pump ship, the ingress was greater than egress and that is never a good thing. The only good news was that no one was injured and the sunken ship was outside the main channel and did not interfere with shipping.

When it's time to go, it's time to go. The Maersk ships *Shipper* and *Searcher* were being towed in the Celtic Sea near Brest, France, on their last voyage to a Turkish scrapyard when they simply decided to end their days their own way. They sank. The tow, *Maersk Battler* was lucky to sever the towlines to avoid its own sinking. The ships were in heavy seas when Davy Jones called. The two old ships were neither manned nor fueled when they went under. Local authorities said that there was no environmental danger.

The Mississippi River's Blackhawk Bridge between Lansing, Iowa, and the Wisconsin highway to La Crosse, Wisconsin, is closed because the causeway on the backwater collapsed killing one man who drove into the water in the middle of the night. The most recent evaluation of the bridge stated that it was deficient in most of the 23 categories examined. Traffic must cross the Mississippi at La Crosse, 40 miles north of Lansing, or at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, about 25 miles to the south.

Nobody likes paying taxes but America's infrastructure is crumbling. Presidents of both parties find that expanding the military results in adulation and affection, however, no one wants to pay for a new sewer system or bridge. The United States of my granddaughters' adulthood will be rife with the potholes and pollution of our own shortsightedness.


Maritime History

Just exactly when and where humanity took to the water in small craft is unknown.

Evidence shows that Pacific Islanders had double canoes that were as large as galleys and up to 8' wide long before Europe was civilized (if it ever was). Obvious trading can be dated between coastal regions reached only by sea from 3000BC (yes, I am old fashioned and use the traditional dating). Interestingly certain littoral regions seemed to be indifferent to water navigation. China sticks out as a nation unconcerned about the sea. On the other hand, Pacific Islanders such as Austronesian people explored extensively. These early sailors probably originated in Southern China before migrating to the Philippines and the Pacific islands. Like whales that roamed the earth only to return to the water, an eon later they started exploring westward back in the direction from which they came. Certainly they populated places like Madagascar.

Mediterranean military galleys started to use bronze bow projections to sink other vessels as early as 1000BC. Stevens Institute of Technology started an engineering class to analyze various historic hull ships as the best form of offensive weapons using archeological evidence as a source. Arguments split on whether the projections were cutwater hulls to proffer better control and speed or were they rams. Herodotus' history indicates that rams were used in the 500BC era. The students decided that drawings from the period show a ram jutting at the waterline used to puncture opponents' galleys at and below the waterline, which is not a good place to have a hole as those who have had through hull openings open at the wrong time appreciate.

The hull hypothesis was that there is no difference among a ram bow, a cutwater hull or standard hull. The conclusion, shown by a tricolored graph, indicated that a regular bow could be rowed to a speed of approximately 8 knots. Both the cutwater concept and the ram bow allowed a significantly greater speed of 11 knots for the former and 12 knots for the ram. However, using the variable of horsepower, the students calculated that a cutwater bow could generate about 80hp but the ram bow could create about 100hp. The regular bow could only attain less than 40hp. *MAIB* readers everywhere will be adding a ram to the front of their West Wight Potters and Bolger Skiffs.

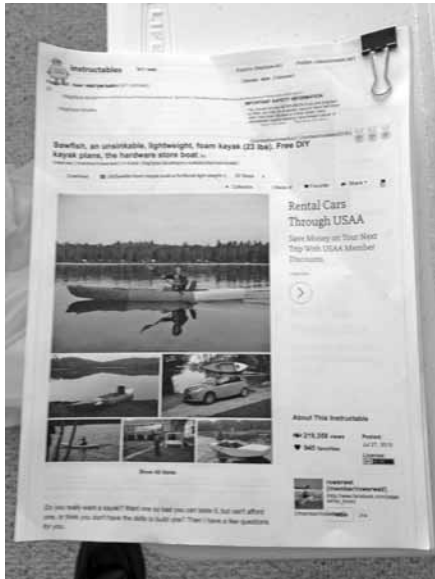


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Part 1: Forming the Foam

You may remember in my recent article regarding the building of a Dave Gray Chuckanut 12 skin-on-frame kayak (12' in length with a 28" beam) that I had decided to next build something completely different. After considering several options, I elected to go with Josh Withe's Sawfish 12, which can be found on the "Instructables" website: <http://www.instructables.com/id/Sawfish-foam-kayak-build-a-funtional-light-weight-/-/>. "Sawfish" happened to be exactly the same length and beam as the Chuckanut 12, which would lend itself to a reasonable comparison.

My first step after reading the instructions was to print out a copy which, because of the Instructables format with lots of ads, ended up being 65 pages! However, I wanted to have a copy available readily at hand in the shop during my first foray into this unfamiliar method of construction. The instructions included a complete list of materials and tools required for this endeavor so I hurried off to Home Depot, Lowes and Harbor Freight with list in hand. I used the pink Foamular foam sheets from Home Depot, which Rowerwet recommends over others available.



That mean looking spiked roller did not come from Home Depot, but from Amazon (Silverline 221199 Wall Paper Removal Perforator, about \$20). It is not a medieval weapon but produces a perforated surface on the foam such that when glue is applied and eventually dries, the little columns of dried glue become like tiny nails which hold the foam surfaces together. And those Bamboo Skewers came from Walmart (\$0.55 for a pack of 100). The skewers keep the foam parts aligned while the Gorilla Glue (GG) cures.

The first building step includes a clever device Rowerwet calls a "butterfly scarph" used to glue the 4'x8'x2" foam panels together end to end. Plastic packing tape is used over the joint, then one panel is folded back over the other panel, the ends of the pan-

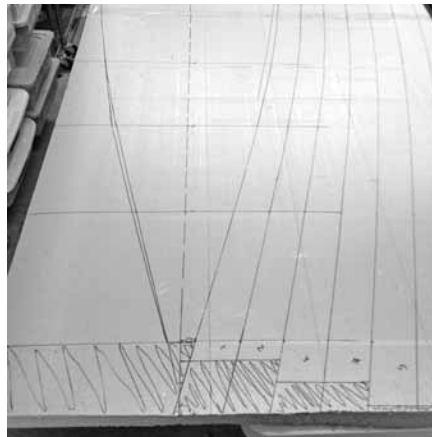
Building the Sawfish 12 A Foam Kayak

Designed by Rowerwet (Josh Withe)
Author/Builder Jim Brown

els are perforated with that mean roller tool, Gorilla Glue is applied to the panel ends and sprayed lightly with water. The top panel is folded back down and weight is placed over the joint while it cures.

This is technically a "butt joint" but Rowerwet says that since it acts like a scarph in the sense that there is no stiff area in the joint that would be produced by a butt block in a wooden butt joint and the glued area remains as flexible as the rest of the panel as a scarph joint would, he calls it a scarph. The joint works like a champ! In practice I had cut one of the 4'x8' panels into two 4'x4' panels, so I had enough overhead room to fold that panel over the other and also because it suited an idea I had come up with.

The original Instructables had a foam sheet layout probably aimed at building the boat as inexpensively as possible. My idea involved laying out all the parts for the boat on just two 4'x8'x2" foam sheets, as shown below:



This yielded six 3 1/4" wide ribs which were all one piece and which could be stacked up and fitted together with the ends of the ribs overlapping for strength, rather than a bunch of odd shaped pieces which had to be pieced together with the gaps filled with canned foam. The ends of the bottom piece were blocked up 2" at each end to provide rocker for the kayak, which held its shape as the GG (Gorilla Glue) cured on each of the three layers. Rowerwet suggested cutting the foam with a drywall saw but I found that using my trusty rusty old B&D saber saw with a "Clean Wood" blade (a blade having no offset teeth and ground smooth on both sides) did a much smoother and neater job, minimizing later finishing work.

The result was this form with three layers of ribs on each side of the bottom panel. The middle ribs on each side were offset 1/2" outboard to provide for "tumblehome" shape in the final product. With each respective layer being 1" longer than the one below, a nicely sloped bow profile resulted.



I found out several weeks later, while reading a newer Instructable by Rowerwet about building a 17' double seater Sawfish, that he had come up with this same basic lay-out idea. Great minds, etc, etc...

I also found that I preferred different tools for shaping the foam than Rowerwet recommended, the primary ones being an oscillating saw with a half moon shaped wood saw blade (\$25 on sale at Harbor Freight for the variable speed model with a small attachment kit) and my trusty DeWalt 5" Orbital Sander with #60 grit sandpaper. I just had to be very careful not to produce low spots in the hull shape which would later require filling. The instructions do not show any suggested contours for the hull shape so I was on my own to just eyeball the shape until it looks right to me.

As the boat took shape I realized that the 4'x4' piece of 2" foam I had previously cut off would be just right for the forward and rear decks and would be stiff enough to negate the need for wooden internal supports suggested for the 1" thick foam specified. I also would have enough 2" foam scraps to add a layer to the gunwale areas as well, making a four layer cake instead of three. It turned out that Rowerwet had also used four layers on the 17' double.



A minor flash of brilliance occurred when I decided to install a cavity for the old Playmate Cooler to fit into the foredeck. But Rowerwet had shown a greater flash of brilliance when he recommended modifying a "Gamma 2" screw in lid (\$8 at Lowes) for a 5gal paint bucket as a waterproof and easily removable large access to the rear deck space.

Rowerwet strongly recommended strengthening the hull in the cockpit area with wooden plates, as he had experienced some hull flexing and tearing of his bed sheet fabric covering when paddling in waves, so I used some 6" wide 1/4" plywood pieces from the woodpile to reinforce the 56" long cockpit.

Since I had a limited number of suitable clamps to use when gluing these pieces in with PL Premium 3X Construction Adhesive, I followed his advice and bought a 2'

length of 4" diameter PVC Core Cell Pipe (about \$8 at Lowes) to cut numerous slices on my cut-off saw and make about a dozen clamps. I tried slices from 1" to 1 1/2" thick, but found that 1 1/4" thick was about the right strength for me in this application. Note that some plywood feet must be set between the PVC clamps and the foam sides or the clamps will punch holes in the foam, which would have to be filled later.



I must say that at first I really did not enjoy working with the Gorilla Glue. It cures by absorbing moisture from the surroundings. Therefore, in this cold, dry winter air it was necessary to spray the joints with water. The GG foams up and expands, sometimes causing gaps between the parts being joined. Parts need to be pressed together tightly, using either clamps or weights (Rowerwet calls weights "gravity clamps") or both. Early on I had used too much GG by drizzling each part with glue, then spraying water and clamping. Later I found that by drizzling the glue on only one part in a sort of sine wave pattern, then spraying the other part with water, it seemed to work much better. Doing it again, I would smear the GG out with a putty knife to force the GG into the perforations and to get a more even covering. By the time I was done I was fairly comfortable with the GG.

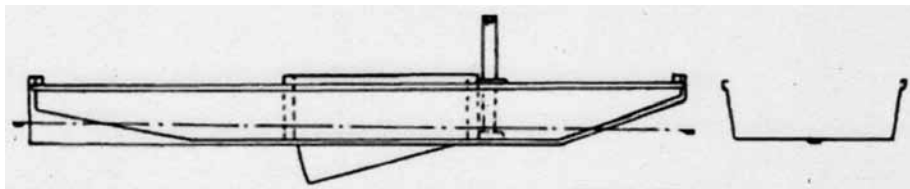
I had enough 2" foam scraps left to cut a couple of curved pieces to level the gunwale area out with the fore and aft decks and provide a little more freeboard, and probably enough beyond that to piece together a 2"x2" keel strake to promote tracking ability as Rowerwet now recommends for all Sawfish.

Now things were really coming together. After my rough (some of my early attempts were really rough) shaping of the foam hull, I did some filling in of various cuts, gouges and gaps caused by the expanding GG, with a light weight DAP Fast'N Final spackle, which was easily sanded smooth when dried. This would provide a good base for the fabric covering. I got to this point in about one month and thought I would soon be done, but not so. I had at least that much more time to go.

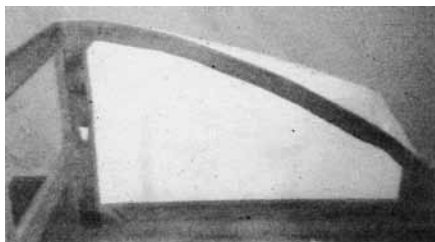


Weighing the bare hull (no seats, access ports, coolers, etc) resulted in a surprisingly low 17lbs weight! Things are looking up! Tune in for the next thrilling episode.

Aha. And also, “Well, I declare!” or some such appropriate exclamations. The first is in regard to the fact that I found the drawing (for which I have been searching for some time) which I used as the basis for the original design of *Dancing Chicken*, and the second is because I just found out that it’s not from the Sucher book as I had thought. It’s from the Chapelle book, specifically *Boat-building; A Complete Handbook of Wooden Boat Construction*, by Howard I Chapelle (W.W. Norton & Company, 1994, 1941 Page 19). Here is the drawing:



One of the things one might notice right away when comparing this drawing to the photograph of the profile view of *Dancing Chicken* that I referenced and included in Parts V and VI (and I guess I’ll go ahead and throw it in again here for quick and easy reference. Here it is):



is that the photo shows curved chines. That’s because after I selected the drawing to work from I decided that I just had to have curved chines. I cut them out of 1”x6”s, using first a keyhole saw that I purchased at a neighborhood convenience store (manufactured somewhere not in the US) and then with another keyhole saw that I purchased after the one from the convenience store ended up with so many bends that at some point there even I (and I apparently love challenges, but, hmmm) finally decided that it had to be replaced.

I have been using the drawing of the Sucher scow to assist me in my recent head scratching about the design (that scow, by the way, while I mentioned it “in text” should possibly have been cited more specifically in my comparison. The “from this” drawing is a profile view of the Sucher scow). This past weekend, when I looked at that Microsoft Paint modification I decided that it’s not so much “clunky looking” as just undefinably, well, she needs something but I’m not sure what it is yet. I made a copy to take home and work on with a pencil. I’m thinking of a saying I heard a long time ago, “If it looks right, it is right.” Well, right now it doesn’t. However, not only do I have the above mentioned pencil, but I also now have that drawing from which I started some 30 years or so ago.

Meanwhile, in the process of attempting to assemble a workable worktable, I have decided to designate this as my “WD-40” episode. The reason will become obvious as I recount a small segment of the history of the development of WD-40. It’s a story that I have found very encouraging (especially lately). The “WD” part stands for “water displacement.” Logical and straightforward, interesting, but not that stirring so

Dancing Chicken

A Mini-Saga in (?) Parts

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Part VII

far. But then what about the “40”? Aha. It’s “40” because that’s the number of tries it took them to get the formula so that it would work.



So there I was, trying to assemble a “quick and dirty” worktable so that I could (at least that was the plan) quickly “get the show on the road” as they say. First, I decided that I could use the boards built into what was probably meant as a breakfast nook or some such in the camper, one on each end of the proposed work area. Here’s a photo of the board:

That rough looking board right to the left of it is part of a pallet, one end of which I had planned to rest against that board, and then the other end was to be supported by a module, which I had planned to cut from the pallet pictured below:



That pallet is put together with blocks instead of 2”x4”s which is less optimal to begin with and therefore made it a prime candidate for modification. Moreover, it had other issues due to having been recently run

over by a backhoe (the pallet was not visible to the driver of the backhoe at the time, being buried under several feet of snow, but that’s part of another story). For cutting the pallets, I have been using the saw pictured below.

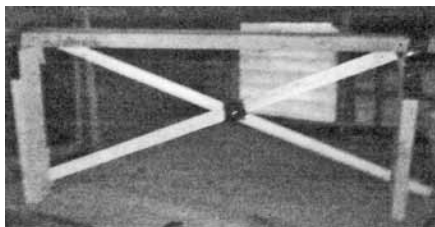


Sometimes I go over to where the old camper was and look around and sometimes I find useful things. One of these was one of my old saw blades, so I improvised a handle for it (on the handle is visible some of that amazing #12 guage wire I mentioned in Part III). True, the blade needs to be cleaned but meanwhile it works (I may take a break for cosmetic work on it later). This tool is so much fun to use and the fact that I put it together and that it works tickled me so much that I thought about taking it aboard the bus to show to our bus driver, but it occurred to me that it looks too much like a weapon for that to be advisable so I just took a photo along. Then I got so tickled about the idea of its being a potential weapon that I named it “Nothing” after the sword of Sigmund in Wagner’s *Die Walküre* (when you’re a Liberal Studies major your mind just naturally does these sorts of things from time to time).



So that part works OK. The saw does work and is indeed fun to use. When the WD-40 factors began to set in was when the pallet that I’d planned to use for the table top decided that it wanted a career change. It was clear that it was not quite ready to become potting soil yet, but apparently it wanted some sort of interim occupation of which it was not yet sure, but it let me know by developing bends where it was not designed to have them, which tendency it began to exhibit while I was working on trying to get it situated on the supporting module, which also indicated at that time that it had other ideas as to what it wanted for its long term occupation.

So I brought in another pallet which I may be able to use for the table top and then I thought about those modules I designed for the work table I had assembled in the other camper. So I will probably plan to put together another couple of those for this one too, only somewhat smaller. Here’s a picture of one of those:



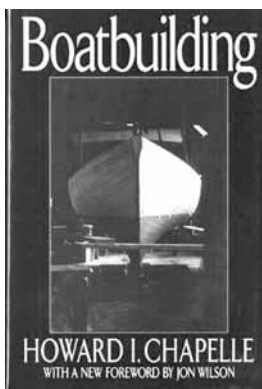
Meanwhile, while doing the work on the table that I've done so far, and after going through several phases of accessing drawings of various boats for clues and hints as to what *Dancing Chicken* needs, I happened to recall something I said back in Part I, "I hadn't gotten very far, however, before I started coming up with modifications and changes to the original design because of real or imagined

defects..." I thought it was interesting that obviously there I was about to go again, with that apparently recurring tendency to start "...coming up with modifications and changes..."

So I plan to go ahead and loft that photograph of the 2 1/2' of the bow section that was already built and then draw the rest of the proposed expanded bow section (as I mentioned in Part III the sections can be longer now) and then the stern section. I may also draw another section because that way she can end up being 12' in length which could have various advantages. I may also decide to go one step further in the simplification process and use stitch and glue instead of the Bolger Instant Boat technique.

Meanwhile, here is *Dancing Chicken*, fluffing her feathers and shaking off the vestiges of the ashes she was using for her recent

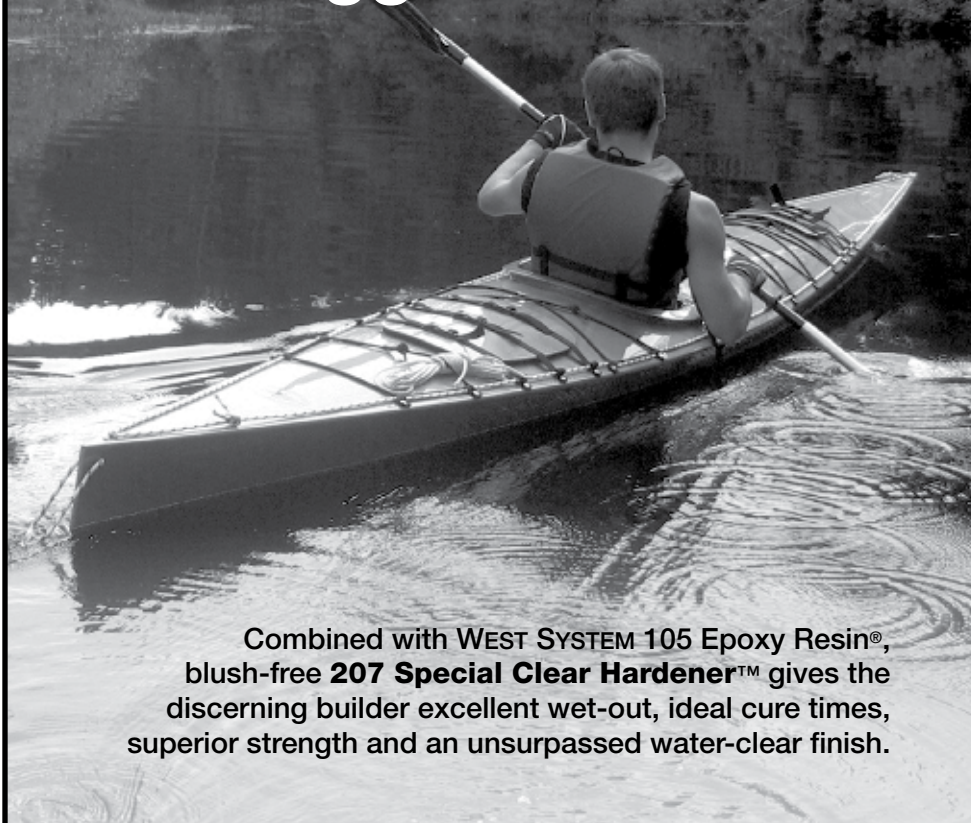
phoenix impersonation. And soon (hopefully in less than 40 tries) we should have someplace for her to continue her process of actualization. We shall see.



Book Overview

The text covers all types of craft from flat-bottom rowboats to ocean cruisers and commercial vessels, and aids the builder in overcoming difficulties and discouraging delays resulting from the lack of easily available information on the practical side of boatbuilding. Boatbuilding gives detailed instructions, with many illustrations, on all phases of boatbuilding written out of actual boatbuilding practice and aids the builder in planning each job in its proper sequence in relation to those that follow. After a chapter discussing the choice of plans suitable for amateur work there are chapters on lofting, the backbone and setting up, flat-bottom hull construction, V-bottom hull construction, round-bottom hull construction, deck framing and building, special construction (plywood, strip planking, lap-strake, diagonal, ribband carvel, canvas), heavy construction, joiner-work, iron-work, and spar making. Each chapter is organized for easy and quick reference, and the book is completely indexed. An added feature is the inclusion of building plans for nineteen boats designed for this book and suitable for amateur building.

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Greenland Paddles

Recorded by Gail Ferris
Submitted by Guillemot Kayaks

Gail Ferris has traveled extensively in the arctic including Northern Canada and Greenland. She has collected a wide variety of data relating to kayaks and kayaking as done by the original kayakers. Presented here are some drawings of some of the Greenland style kayak paddles she has measured while in Greenland. All the comments regarding the paddles are hers.

Kitdit or Vester Ejland Paddle

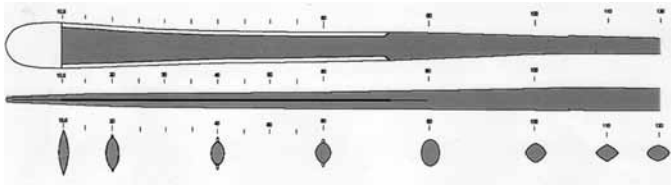
Asiaat Museum. Measured and drawn by Gail Ferris 06/95

Length Overall: 225cm

Blade Length: 94cm

Width: 8.5 cm at tip, at bone edges 8cm to 10cm, middle of loom 4cm

Very large square loom. Paddle blade face very round until the last 20cm tapering down flat to 0.5cm tip width. Square loom was square to the flat paddle blades not offset by halfway making it a diamond in relation to the flat of the blades.



Nathanial Jensen Paddle

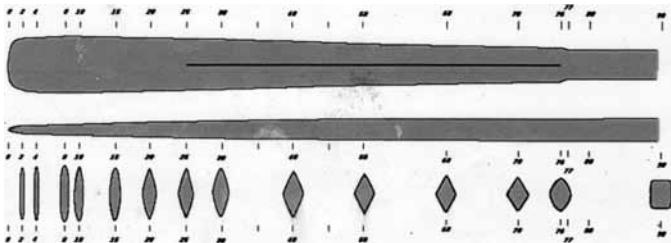
Nikolaj Jensen, Kullorsuag, Greenland. Measured and drawn by Gail Ferris 9/95

Length Overall: 217 cm

Blade Length: 77 cm.

Loom Length: 61 cm

Designed with a ridge down the center to the vortices. The shape of the blade cross section at 2cm is along rectangle with rounded edges, at 20cm the cross section is an ellipse without any rib down the center, at 25cm the rib on the face of the paddle blade starts to form and at 40cm the rib becomes highly defined. The loom begins at 76-77cm where there is a step-down.



Ilulissat Paddle

Knud Rasmussen Museum, Ilulissat, Measured and drawn by Gail Ferris 6/95

Length Overall: 215 cm

Blade Length: 96.5 cm

Loom Length: 22 cm

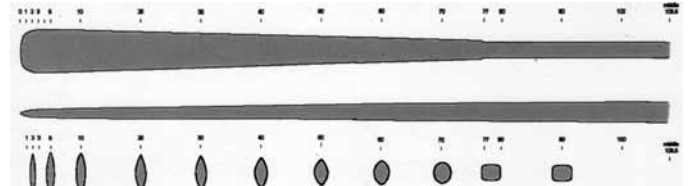
Bone Tip Length: 12 cm

Outer bone edge length up to bone tip: 53 cm

Inner very narrow bone edge length: 32 cm

This was a very different paddle because the blade at the end was elliptical becoming square at 90cm and resolving to diamond shape with the long axis opposite the paddle blades at 100cm with a distinct, actually an exaggerated, ridge running as a backbone from the loom part way down the face of the blades gradually flattening out.

For more information about these paddles, please contact Gail Ferris at gaileferris@hotmail.com



Lars Jensen Paddle

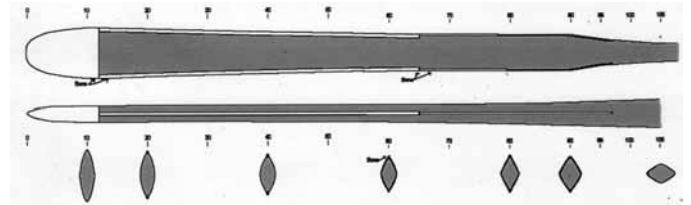
Lars Jensen, son of Nikolaj Jensen, Measured and drawn by Gail Ferris 9/95

Length Overall: 217 cm

Blade Length: 77 cm

Loom Length: 63 cm

Specifically designed without a rib down the center. The loom is square and the blade is elliptical cross-sectioned with no defined rib down the center.



Jigs and Fixtures for the Canoe Shop

Text and photos by Steve Lapey
Stevens Canoe Shop

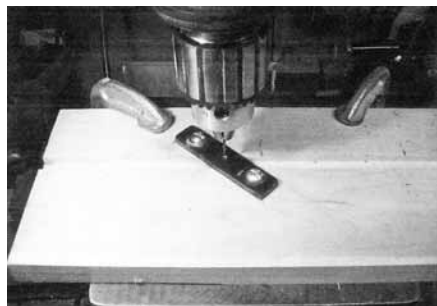
Drilling Fixture for Stem Bands

Quite often here at the canoe shop we need to make up new stem bands, either on new builds or as replacements on a repair job. The half round brass stock is available from the Northwoods Canoe Company in Atkinson, Maine, pre drilled or not. We prefer to buy it undrilled as we have found that in many cases the exact 5" spacing does not always come out just right, most notably at the top of the stem where the stem band gets bent to go over the deck.

Besides the even spacing of the holes, the more difficult part of the job is to ensure that the holes are placed in the exact center of the brass stem band material. Also, when installing the new stem bands, they have to be bent over the stem in a fair curve without any little kinks at the screw holes. To help eliminate the kinks as we bend the stem bands, we have found that it is easier to bend the material with just a small pilot hole in the brass that gets enlarged to the final dimension and countersunk after the band has been prebent.

In these operations, we use a $\frac{5}{64}$ " drill bit for the pilot hole and then ream it out to $\frac{1}{8}$ " after the bending operation. The $\frac{1}{8}$ " hole is used with a #4 brass oval head screw with a slotted head. Drilling the pilot holes for the mounting screws can be done in a couple of different ways, some are going to work better than others. I think we have come up with a reasonably simple and easy way to place the holes precisely where we want them. Here are the details on how we do it here.

This is our drilling fixture. It consists of a piece of hard maple $5\frac{1}{2}$ "x9" with a $\frac{3}{8}$ " dado running full length to accept the brass stem band stock and a small piece of cold rolled steel bar stock $\frac{1}{8}$ "x1"x2 $\frac{1}{2}$ " long, two steel wood screws, #10 x $\frac{3}{4}$ " round head and two washers.



The dado in the maple was done on the router table in a couple of passes using a $\frac{1}{4}$ " straight bit, widening the slot a little at a time until it was a snug fit for the brass. The dado needs to be deep enough so when the guide bar is attached to the maple base the brass stem band will easily slide along the groove.

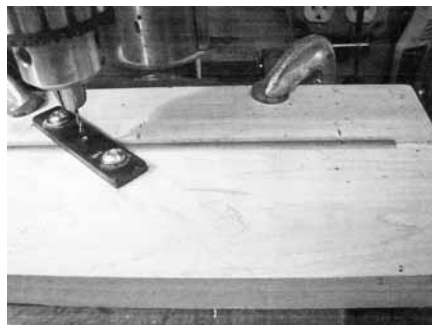
The steel bar stock has three holes drilled in it. In the center is a $\frac{5}{64}$ " hole. At one end, there is a $\frac{3}{16}$ " hole that we will call the pivot hole. At the other end is a larger hole, $\frac{1}{4}$ ". This is the adjustment hole. At this point it is a good idea to harden the steel bar so that the drill bit will not chew away at the sides of the hole. To do this, hold the bar stock in a pair of pli-

ers and heat it to cherry red with the propane torch, hold the heat for a couple of minutes and then drop it into a pail of water. It is not a perfect heat treating process, but for this application it will extend the life of the fixture.

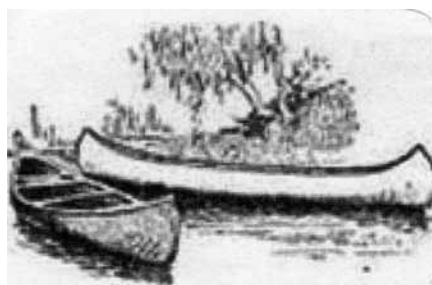
To start the alignment, lay the piece of bar stock across the dado at about a 45° angle with the small hole in approximately the center of the dado and secure it snugly, but not too tight, with a #10x $\frac{1}{4}$ " round head steel screw through the pivot hole. Use a flat washer under the screw head. Next place a second #10x $\frac{3}{4}$ " screw with a washer through the adjustment hole and tighten it just enough so the bar can be moved slightly side to side which will change the position of the drill bit relative to the brass stem band.

Using a piece of scrap stem band material or a piece from an old broken one, drill a few test holes moving the guide bar as necessary. For a final inspection, drill one hole, reverse the brass in the fixture and see that the drill goes through the same hole, this will be the exact center. Once satisfied with the alignment, tighten both screws.

Finally, the fixture needs to be clamped loosely to the table of the drill press with the small hole directly under the $\frac{5}{64}$ " drill bit. When the drill is brought down the drill bit should slip smoothly into the guide hole. When everything is right, tighten the clamps securely to the drill press table ready to drill the holes. Note that there are two marks on the maple base piece, the first one at a point 1" from the drilled hole and another at the 5" point. Most of the time the first hole is drilled at the 1" mark and subsequent holes are placed every 5". The spacing can be adjusted as needed to have things come out even at the other end.



Once all the holes are drilled and countersunk the stem bands are ready for polishing and installation. We generally use bedding compound under the stem bands and install then using #4x $\frac{1}{4}$ " steel wood screws to cut the threads in the hardwood stems. The steel screws are then removed and the finish brass screws are put in to finish the job. We use #4x $\frac{3}{4}$ " oval head brass screws on all of our stem bands, although many of the older canoes come in with flat head screws.



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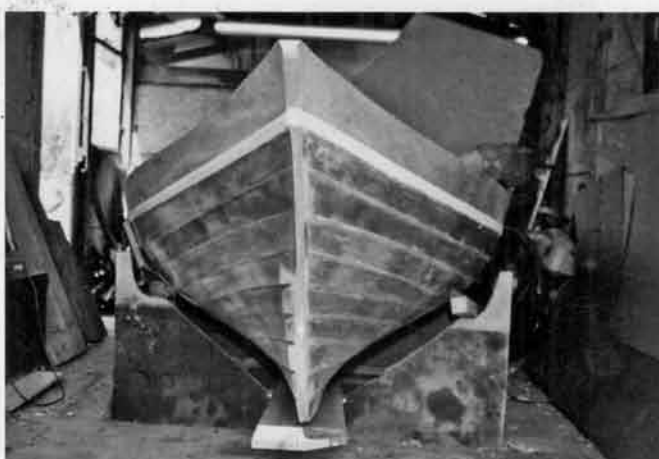
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Sea Dog, the Tancook Whaler

by Bob Trueman

The Tancook Whaler hails from Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia: one of a number of beautiful and distinctive designs native to the NE coast of America

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK



Editor's Note: I met Bob in June 2016 when I first sailed on the *Charles Henry Ashley*. He was the bowman. Since then we have become firm friends, not least because we have a shared enthusiasm for sailboats considerably smaller than the 1907 Watson lifeboat we sail in and look after. He told me about his boat *Sea Dog*, the apple of his eye, a scaled-down replica of a Nova Scotian vessel I'd never heard of, and about his enthusiasm for the designs of NE America generally. Eventually he agreed very generously to write something about her, mainly to get me off his back. Read on.

AFTER LEAVING harbour in Chester the ferry steams just a few miles almost due southeast to an island measuring not much above 4kms in length and 1km in width, and even fewer miles to the southwest of Blandford, which lies on the next-nearest mainland.

Once upon a time it was the home in that area of sauerkraut, which was made from one of the two primary agricultural crops, cabbage and potatoes. The inhabitants were mostly German immigrants, with some French and of course the remnants of the original Miq'Maq people from whose language the name Big Tancook Island derives.

Big Tancook is the birthplace of the sleek Tancook Whaler, described by many a Grand Banks sailor as 'What a boat ought to look like', and it lies in Mahone Bay off the eastern shore of Nova Scotia. The towns of Chester and Blandford both lie on the mainland and their names give evidence that the Germans did not have it all their own way. Further evidence lies in the fact that two of the greatest developers and builders of these sleek 19th century schooners were of English, and of French origin.

Back in 1931 William Lee of Harwichport, Massachusetts built a 30ft Tancook Whaler, which he called *Wind Dog*. Two years later in 1933 one Ralph Wiley from Oxford Maryland was aboard a 50ft

schooner in a race reaching toward Vineyard Haven.

To quote from Robert C Post's book *The Tancook Whalers*:

'Out of the blue appeared a tiny thirty-foot double-ended schooner, a Tancook whaler. Her course converged with ours. When abeam, her skipper, puffing contentedly on a corn cob pipe and sporting a Derby hat at a jaunty angle, stepped for'ard, 'wung' out the foresail, and proceeded to leave us behind. By the time we reached harbour he had anchored, furled sails and gone ashore.'

That tiny schooner was *Wind Dog*. Wiley and a friend looked her over

carefully and not long after that his friend bought her. *Wind Dog* was 30ft with an 8ft beam and a draft of 3ft 9ins. She had been built along lines developed from the Tancook fishing schooners. She had two rigs, the original and an altered set which featured a higher aspect ratio main, a longer foresail foot, and slightly larger and lower aspect ratio jib.

My own Tancook Whaler *Sea Dog* – I've had her ten years now – is a one-off, ½-scale replica of that fine craft. She'll take two, but is best sailed singlehanded (perhaps not by me!) because at this scale her cockpit is none too large. I can vouch for her speed though, if not for an equal

Location: Mahone Bay bites deeply into the seaward (Atlantic) side of Nova Scotia. Big Tancook Island is underneath the word 'Bay', below, with Little Tancook to the right of it. The Micmac name for the Tancooks was *uktancook*, 'facing the open sea'. Naturally the palefaces preferred their own etymology, something to do with cooking sails and tanning them. A likely story. Drawing from RC Post's book.





Vernon Langille in 1913 aged 25, boatbuilder of Tancook Island.
© Maritime Museum of the Atlantic, Halifax, Nova Scotia

skippering ability to that of Mr. Lee, nor indeed to the ownership of a corncob pipe!

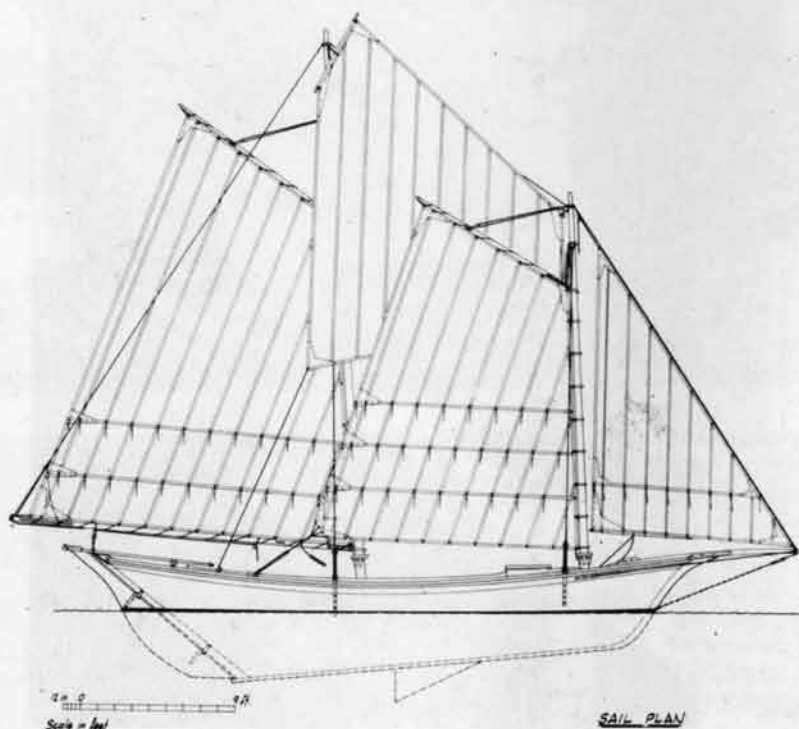
The term 'Whaler' was always something of a misnomer for this sharp double-ended schooner-rigged workboat because there is no evidence they were ever used

for actual whaling. Their design is certainly conducive to speed, and to the Tancook fishing community this was a key safety feature. They were used all summer as fishing boats, and taken out of the water all winter.

But even in summer 'the sea would bellow right into the land', as one sailor put it. When a storm threatened, the fishermen would run for cover wherever they could, relying on their whalers to get them to safety.

One of the finest builders of Tancook Whalers was one Vernon Langille who was caught in a storm in 1904 in a forty-foot Whaler with no pump.

To quote Langille from Robert C Post's book, 'I was only sixteen years old when we got caught in a gale wind out about fifteen miles. It blew... from the east and then it jumped right around to the northwest and it kicked up an awful lot. We were the last boat to leave the ground, and most of them got anywhere from Lunenburg as far up as Shelburne. They skiddooed wherever they could get,' he said, 'but Dad and me stuck to it, and beat right into Tancook.'



Howard Chappelle's sailplan drawn for the Middle River whaler from which he drew the lines in 1948. The original boat was built c.1905-1910 and measured 40ft x 9ft 8ins x 4ft 2ins. Crews had reservations about the big jib, which they felt could only be sheeted home fully in a real blow by luffing up first.

SEA DOG

Sea Dog is a unique half-scale replica of *Wind Dog*, that 'tiny 30 footer' that left them all behind. She's 15ft give or take, with a 2ft bowsprit. Her beam is 4ft 8ins and she draws 1ft 6ins or 2 feet with the centreboard down. Built in 1997 by (I think) an amateur but very skilled builder, R.H. Mackinder of Nottinghamshire, she has since had only four owners, and is in first-rate condition.

She is water-ballasted, taking on ballast via two inlets/outlets at the stern of the keel, and with two screw-down hatches to facilitate filling and provide a vacuum once the tanks are full.

She has a beautiful sheer like all the Tancook Whalers, and draws admiring comments whenever she's out on the water.

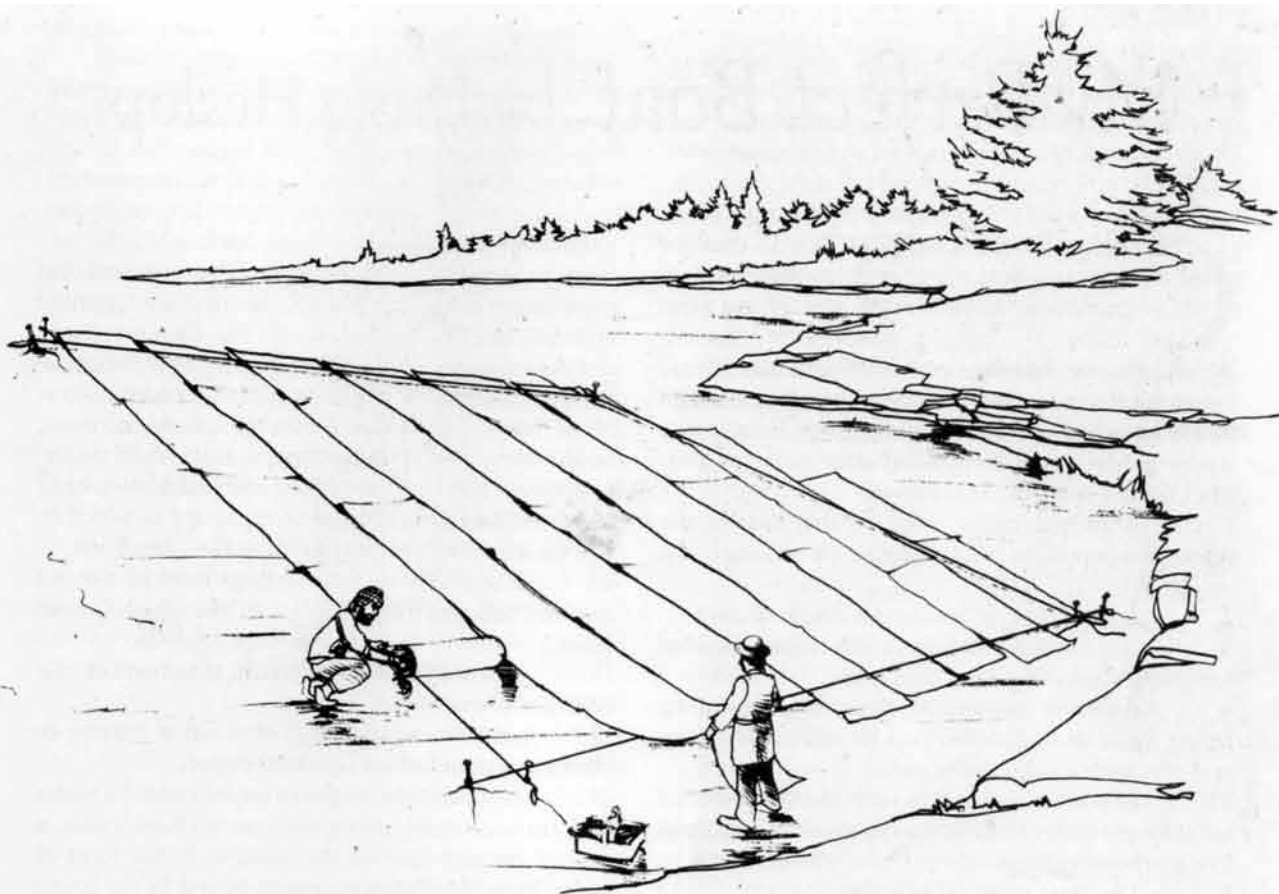
Gaff-rigged as you can see, with a boomed mainsail and loose-footed foresail and jib. The main is surprisingly powerful and not only drives the boat fast, but oft-times is all you need for steering (when I'm alert enough that is!)

She's not replete with room but will carry two, and has carried three on many an occasion, though with all the sheets and other cordage concomitant with three sails, you need folk on board who know how to keep out of the way.

She's not just good looking – she's a dry boat even in a force 4/5 which I admit is the strongest wind in which I've taken her out: I should have reefed the main and perhaps scandalized the foresail because it all got a bit hairy that day. I say 'dry' – that was until I broached her, thereby proving that her flotation tanks work very well even if the bailer didn't, and hinting at the wisdom of reefing before you go out. We learn more from our mistakes

Ah well, a new season beckons. Can't wait. BT





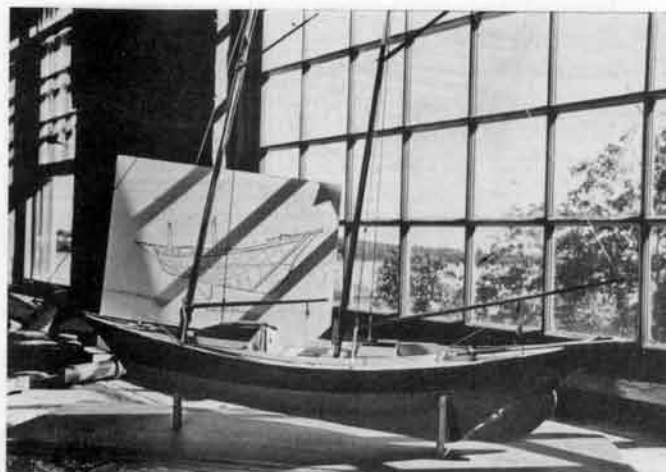
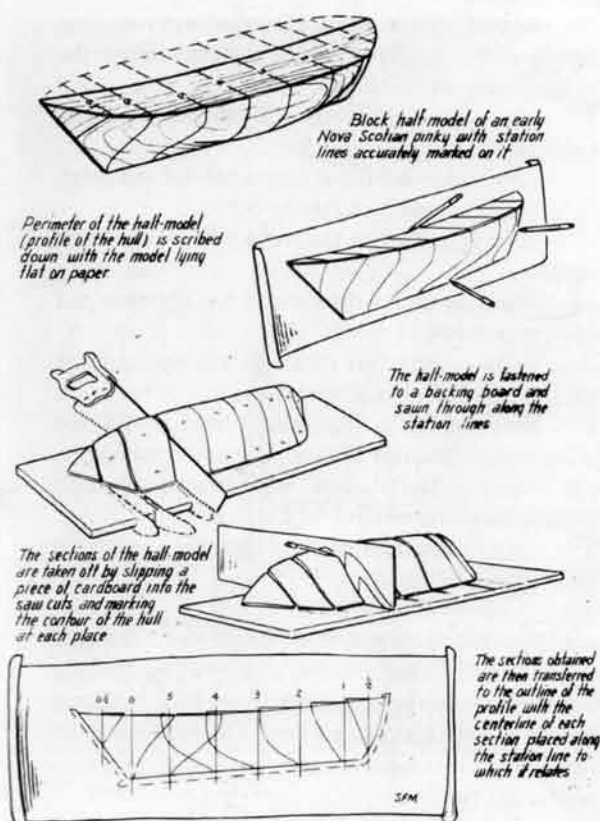
Treat this page as a sort of book review that commends the superb publication by Robert C Post, *The Tancot Whalers: Origins, Rediscovery and Revival*, published under the aegis of the Maine Maritime Museum, Bath, Maine (1985). As quoted by Bob Trueman in his article. The book may still be in print, but it's fiendishly difficult to get hold of in the UK

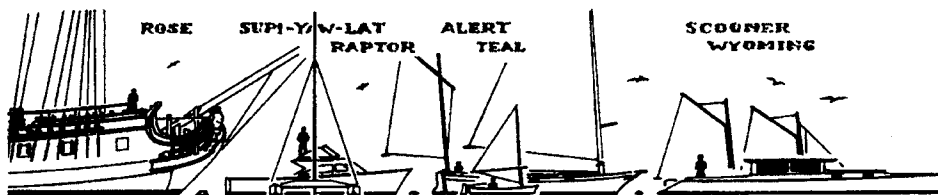
(Top) It may be a case of improvisation in the face of adversity, but do you know of a sailmaker's loft with a floor that is flatter and larger than the surface of a frozen pond, on which you can cut out big sails?

(Left) All you need to know about using a half model to produce lines for building a boat, in five eloquent drawings and minimal text

(Below) Model of a Tancook whaler seen in front of a perspective drawing of one by Howard Chappelle, with a view of the Kennebec River through the window. -Ed

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Built and launched to US Navy SACPAS-3 specifications as a go fast 25+ knots coastal patrol boat, fit to be transported anywhere inside an ISO-40 Container, GAD-ABOUT is now in the process of entering her second life as a go slower cruiser for two plus occasional two guests. She'll still fit inside that container for long distance transport or seasonal raccoon proof storage through storms and hard winters, in this life, however, serving as an 8kts weekend retreat, weeks long cruiser, months long explorer, pushed along by a modest outboard purring while sipping thimblefuls of gasoline, in stark contrast with that 225hp two stroke she hit the water with first to reach 25 knots with a solid load to an all up weight of some 10,000lbs.

But her current layout just would not do. Here was the task, as defined by her new owners:

"More room in the wheelhouse, no need for a bunk length cuddy forward, next aft add two overnight single guest berths flanking the passageway, keep the modest galley but add at least a full size berth for a couple still in love, move the motor board aft for the 50hp outboard to hang flush just inboard of her stern rub rail and cover the slopwell and outboard with a 7' wide by 5' long flush stern deck, just big enough for four folding chairs. And let's not forget a dinghy hanging across her stern, ready to launch."

While the hull remained structurally more or less unaltered, quite a bit of work needed doing towards getting this wish list executed, starting with her face, her wheelhouse windshield. This would take mocking up, cutting out certain geometries and adding new pieces.

And to answer one immediate question first, no, interestingly enough, it did not hurt to cut clean into well built structures that had taken a lot of thought, learning and effort to produce to then perform a function and to last long term. The first layout and thus appearance had served successfully to demonstrate the functionality of the design matching the US Navy brief. This new layout and appearance would be the foundation for her second life, matching the very different wish list of her new owners.

If anything, cutting here and there offers fine insight into her core structure, with samples to study and actual dimensions to take, such as panel thickness after layers of glass, epoxy and paint have been applied to the plywood or the foam core assembly she has in her cuddy and wheelhouse roof. So it is good to know this stuff, how it performed over the years in New England in temperatures between -5°F and +90°F, how it is holding up. And as will be discussed, the reconfiguration actually leaves major structural and functional attributes untouched.

So it is about first mocking things up, easy enough, or so it would seem. Then building the new pieces, installation and we are done? And since she was designed in a Computer Aided Design (CAD) process, why not

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #514 in *MAIB* GADABOUT aka "SACPAS-3" Landing Craft Personnel Design #681

39'1" x 7'5" x 12" x 225hp x 25kts w/medium load or at approx 10,000lbs displacement
 24th in a series of articles on this project

just do the new geometry there, then pop out the new bits and pieces and we're on the way! Well, it is wise to examine any such structure "as built," as they say. Remember that we built this 39' hull as novices all around. And while she came together as calculated in CAD, we would not want to assume that there would not be variations between CAD, the paper plans and then the finished boat. While the computer is usually very precise, the execution of those computer geometries on the shop floor in 3-D will introduce tiny and perhaps not so small de facto changes. And after learning a lot on this first hull, doing a second hull would no doubt much reduce that phenomenon. And if robots had assembled her, doing all changes for her second life could indeed be strictly CAD-based with exact fit almost 100% guaranteed.

So, if building something from scratch offers ample opportunities to be challenged, and to be humiliated in our ambitions (!), reconfiguring a boat only offers more of that, apart from the accomplishment of getting things done anyway, that is. And that is why following the process of her reconfiguration offers insights to the aspiring boat builder and will yield some nodding of older hands at this, plus, of course, reasons for exasperation by those who are so extraordinarily gifted to know everything better. In fact, I do at times concur with the latter group, however typically only afterwards.

Picture #1 shows a first mockup with poorer quality 1/4" ply. We are shrinking the length of the cuddy and adding an aft raking three panel windshield geometry which together opens up decent space to locate two comfortable swiveling chairs for helmsman and navigator, the new owners have well-developed routines of collaboration which the new geometry will have to match. As one detail, looking closer, is how the cuddy deadlights would not match the new profile.



Picture #2 therefore sees the only, admittedly crude, way to remove the well bonded glass. Automobile windshield geometries are more highly evolved to make this a matter of often just a wire and a few knife cuts. Here, however, a sharp wedge blade is inserted to carefully begin separating the 1/4" laminated glass from cuddy sides. This was a good case study to find that the contact area/flange to which the laminated glass was bonded was actually too large, with that premium silicone clinging ferociously to both cuddy sides and glass, a far too conservative geometry.



Picture #3 documents the transition from a blade to the robust momentum of a 2"x4" to drive that glass panel out of the opening. As a footnote, the manufacturers claim that that tenacious plastic film between the two glass layers is also good to keep out some 99% of ultraviolet light, presumably at least in part acting as a set of sunglasses.



Picture #4 shows the first radical cuts through house sides, foredeck, after the port windshield panel had been carefully removed without glass breakage, what to do with that now?



Picture #5, the “surgically removed” section, showing how much room for the new chairs is being opened up into the cuddy. What remains of the cuddy will serve as storage, readily accessible crouching or standing up in the centerline foldover hatch.



Picture #6 presents a good core sample into the cuddy deck hatch coaming and 1/4" ply/2" foam/1/4" ply laminate intended, like the house roof, to prevent condensation from dripping on people and their things. Both port and starboard pieces were of course built ready to be painted on a flat surface with good control over the lamination process. We really didn't want to think about building this up in place on the boat.



Picture #7 takes the mockup template for the sides and has it transferred to 1/2" ply, with certain edges routed with a 1/4" roundover bit to allow draping of the 10oz cloth over the outside surface.



Picture #8 sees the wetted out glass cloth after some five to six hours beginning to get tacky, just the right time to apply another coating of epoxy, this time mixed with lots of light very sandable filler to finally have to sand only filler and not into or even through the glass cloth to arrive at a smooth paintable surface that won't check or show cracks over the years.



Picture #9 shows the beauty of keeping our head on straight and not making two identical pieces for left and right but only mirror image pieces! All flat on a smooth surface, then sanded, with pinholes filled here and there, ready to be bonded to the boat. Then paint. Again, none of trying this series of steps while the ply piece is already installed in the vertical position! As has been the motto throughout her construction “Gravity is our friend!” Meaning leveraging it wherever possible. Chasing drips and runs, wrinkling cloth, adding a filler coat while fighting gravity, chasing runs etc, and then sanding vertically, all the stuff of demoralizing work, both expensive and tedious, and full of chances of resulting in inferior finish at mounting cost in hours and materials. Life can be difficult enough so I prefer gravity as my friend by planning such a project around taking advantage of what I can't change anyway.



Picture #10 shows the port side panel installed on a bed of unmodified epoxy, all held in place with short drywall screws with those pulled the next day once the epoxy has set, and those holes filled with a light easily sanded epoxy filler. Here all this has already happened, including the removal of the plastic sheathing and masking tape to protect the finished hull structure below. The more protection of the area around this region on the boat, the less to clean up if not refinish.



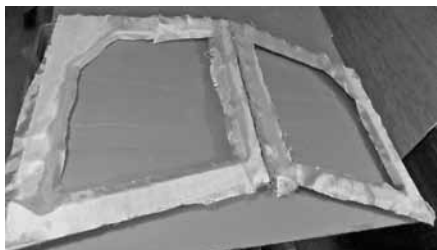
Picture #11 reflects fitting the quarter-window frames. We'd figure that this should have been a pure and simple CAD exercise, but not so. While it all looks straight, with lines aligning etc, quite a bit of self humiliating fitting here and there was necessary in the context of the as built geometries. Certainly still a three dimensional puzzle. And we don't want to overlook something to require yet another frame correction, or even a new piece. Not a happy learning curve.



Picture #12 offers a new view forward, with those lower outside corners of the quarter-windows to eventually locate the windshield wipers on their motors. The electromagnetic influence of the running electric motor was tested with the compass near, strongly suggesting that location farthest away from the compass needle.



Picture #13 with the glassing sequence about to begin. All outside surfaces are glassed on this boatbuilding project as are the alterations and additions.



Picture #14 shows the new bulkheads, now enclosing a much shorter cuddy volume. Fully finished as usual on the work-bench, these got installed, like so many of the frames and bulkheads in her, with 1"x1" ply strip as fastening cleats, here only from behind forward, with the corners to be finished just in heavy structural filler, just mildly radiused.



Picture #15 presents much of her new face, with the center panel from the previous windshield geometry, only lightly modified. Most of this is now ready for paint.



Picture #16 shows unambiguously how tough cutting plywood/epoxy/fiberglass surfaces and joints can be on the most aggressive sawblades. First we are making good progress, but gradually we are going slower and slower, until things begin to smoke from friction of a now near-toothless blade.



This happens fastest as we are cutting through beautifully radiused heavy-filler epoxy joints reinforced with a layer of fiberglass that we so carefully built up to last. Worst cases are 1/8" or 1/4" industrially-produced fiberglass corner reinforcements, such as at the cuddy upper outside edges. Those are very effective to significantly reinforce a cosmetic or structural outside edge against wear, and if properly installed will just not come off without massive resistance, if not damage to the structure below. Fast to install. A challenge to saw blades if they need cutting.

A note on the external application of the wheel house's sides. Perfectly aligning and detailing the many long edges and corners of an inserted panel seemed too laborious and a near heart breakingly frustrating exercise in an area of the boat that everyone will look at first, her face. After some sketching on paper, then fooling around with the 1/4" ply piece for a template, the resulting shape seems unexpected but looks reasonably acceptable. More soon.

To those of you who are seeing our magazine for the first time as a free sample issue:
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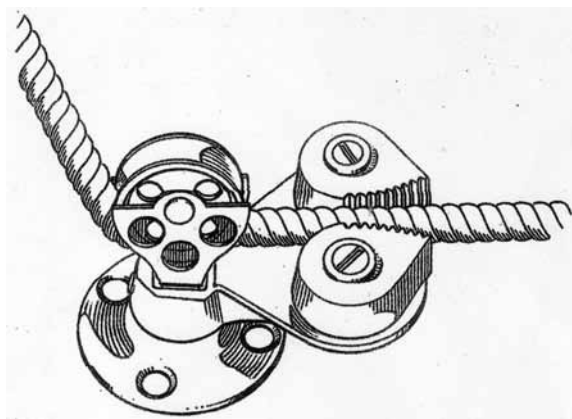
This sample issue is #673 since May of 1983. We've been around for 34 years and plan to be around for many more.

No need to send in any order form (there isn't any). Mail your check for either choice payable to Messing About in Boats, at 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984-01943 with a note including your mail address. That'll do it.

Thank you, Bob Hicks, Editor/Publisher

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My daughter needed a new car, her Subaru was right at 250,000 miles and the nice honest people who had worked on it in the past said to not waste any more money on it. One of my best friends is a retired car dealer, so he got his instructions. She wanted new, or late model, but she said that she didn't care about any of that "new stuff."

I've never driven such a new car but apparently many models brake by themselves under a wide variety of situations, beep or swerve back if you wander out of your lane, won't let you back into or over anything and even parallel park for you. In other words, it's still nice to be a good, careful driver but it's no longer really necessary.

I see the reports that several companies are competing for the lead in the race to get an approved, fully self driving car that can be marketed to the public. As an old person I probably should be thinking that my timing may be just about perfect. By the time I'm too infirm or befuddled to drive, I'll just be able to plop down in the seat and be taken where I want to go.

Single handed sailors invented the steering vane and other devices to take over the helm while they slept a long time ago out of sheer necessity. Electronic devices that would steer a preset compass course have been around a long time, too, and now with GPS navigation, keeping the boat between the buoys involves lots less precision than keeping the car between the lane markers. With many of the new boats, bow and stern thrusters are tied in with the helm and a little joy stick runs it all through a computer. Even idiots can dock the boat under adverse conditions. It's the same as with the car, the technology protects us from our incompetence and inexperience. Insurance companies must love it!

When the scale of the craft or vehicle goes up, so generally does the difficulty of operation. The leap from the self driving car to the self operating tractor trailer is a huge one. If the wisdom of the car is a "maybe," the truck is still a definite "no." I've had a CDL license to drive tractor trailers for a long time and have owned several but never got to the level of experience that people who do it every day, year after year, reach. Still, I've had enough scary moments to know that when big weight starts to go bad, it goes bad fast.

With a lot of the operation of airliners automated, I read that pilots complain that it's harder to build up the level of experience that helps save the day in an emergency. Most of our pilot customers over the years had come out of the military and several flew jet fighters on and off the carriers in Viet Nam. That built experience!

The idea of self driving cargo ships seems to be discussed more and more now, too. It may save a few dollars with a smaller or skeleton crew onboard but, just as with cars or airliners, there comes that moment when there is no substitute for a fantastic driver, pilot or captain. One particular story comes to mind.

Years ago I enjoyed joining friends from California when they were able to obtain a week at an idyllic cottage right out on the rocks in Southwest Harbor, Maine. It belonged to in laws and as the family grew and the number of weeks in the summer didn't, they were no longer able to stay there. Then, three years ago, one family member wanted to vacation out west instead so they got a week at the cottage and asked Molly and me to join them. The

Self Driving Boats?

By Boyd Mefferd

bedrooms in the cottage were all taken by their immediate family so Molly's daughter found us a room at a B&B in town which looked good on the internet.

Rooms in Southwest in August are hard to come by so I was little skeptical but the place was lovely. Every night I'd come back after way too much to eat and a little too much to drink (how about that self driving car now, captain?) and before I fell asleep I tried to make progress reading a book that was on the bookshelf about a marine rescue. Unfortunately I fell asleep pretty quickly and didn't get too far. As we were checking out I remembered the book and asked the proprietor if I could run back up to the room and copy down the names of the author and publisher so I could order myself a copy and see how it all turned out. She said that wasn't necessary because her son was the author of the book. If I'd leave her \$20 for the book and \$5 for postage she'd get him to sign a copy and send it to me. It arrived a few days later.

He was a graduate of the Maine Maritime Academy in Castine and had worked his way up to be the captain of a 700' steam powered tanker. He was in extremely rough weather on the edge of a Category 2 Hurricane off Fort Pierce, Florida, when he monitored a call from the Coast Guard telling him that he was the only vessel near a disabled oceangoing tug that was towing a barge. Seven people were aboard the tug and it was clear that his ship was their only hope. He visually located them in the heavy rain but failed at his first two passes to toss them a line. On the third pass he was able to toss them over a light line, and then a tow line, and pull them away from the shoals which were only a couple miles away. His only motivation in risking his ship and cargo (he had obtained permission from the owners before attempting the rescue) was to respect the traditions and save the lives of fellow mariners.

So you can imagine his surprise when he later learned that the cargo on the barge was a NASA rocket body that was worth \$50 million dollars! Under salvage law this quickly became a high stakes legal battle and the shipping company's lawyers rejected the NASA offer. At a jury trial they won a substantially higher amount.

Obviously the company took a large portion but, starting with the captain, every member of the crew got a part in shares, much like the old financial tradition on whaling ships. The author of the book was able to quit going to sea and became a Maine Coastal Pilot instead. With barges of oil being pushed up to Bucksport, this had always been a busy run but in recent years lots of cruise ships came into Bar Harbor and he was as busy as he wanted to be and still spend most nights at home with his family.


This tale is not entirely out of place if you stop to think how the automated tanker would have answered this rescue call, how the line would have been passed and all the critical decisions that together made up a spectacular success would have been accomplished. To think that a machine, however clever, would ever, or could ever, get such heroic results under such adverse conditions is an insult to people who go to sea and find that they measure up to the impossible task.

People like the tanker captain don't necessarily go to sea for fun or recreation but decisions tend to be personal and at some point he decided that a job at sea would be more enjoyable than one on land. I think that virtually all recreational boaters get involved because they think that being on the water will be fun. Not everyone finds it to be the case, but people go out in their boats because they enjoy paddling, rowing, sailing or just one hand on the throttle and the other on the wheel. They don't go out just to be steered around by a computer.

Automobile use seems to be skewed between the practical and the recreational. You don't need a Ferrari or a Porsche to get from here to there but a substantial segment of automobile production and marketing is aimed at high performance vehicles and the drivers who love every moment of driving them. I guess there is a future for the self driving taxi but will you want to jump into one in the middle of an ice storm?"

People who lived in the era that rapidly changed from the horse and buggy to the automobile were witness to a remarkable progression. Those of us who saw our first TV at maybe age 10 and are living to see an age when almost everyone (not me) carries a little screen around all the time are seeing another. Our vision into the future only goes so far and maybe the day will come when the onboard computer will straighten out the tractor with its load of steel that is about to jackknife on the wet road, or the automated tanker will routinely save the tug in the hurricane. I'll believe it when I see it and I doubt that I'll live that long.

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Ship's Log Tampa Bay Ship Model Society 4

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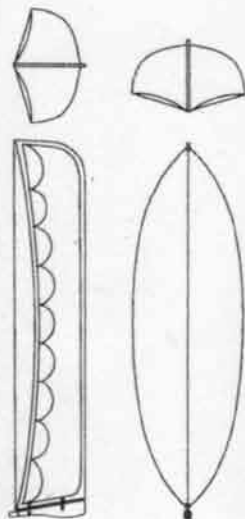
I, your Sec/Ed, reported: At the meeting, I failed to mention that I had assembled an historical tract and distributed it to 15 operations involved in local history, the Mayor's office, plus the Steamship Historical Society and Mystic. I have begun a rendition of Henry Plant's S.S. *Mascotte*, as a 1/96 half model. It is rendered of 3/4" Dow STYROFOAM insulation vertical lifts. I did not really want to build SS *Mascotte*, but decided that there should be a more accurate model somewhere in Tampa's public domain.

So, I am building and kitting with all the technological short-cuts I can take. The hull is Dow STYROFOAM insulation for ease of carving, and the details have been drawn and laser-cut and engraved in acrylic and 1/32" birch plywood I inherited from **Paul Mitchell**, a past member now passed. As mentioned in the meeting, Paul was a sailor, built his own vessel, woodcarver, and served on the USS *Kidd*, during a kamikaze attack.

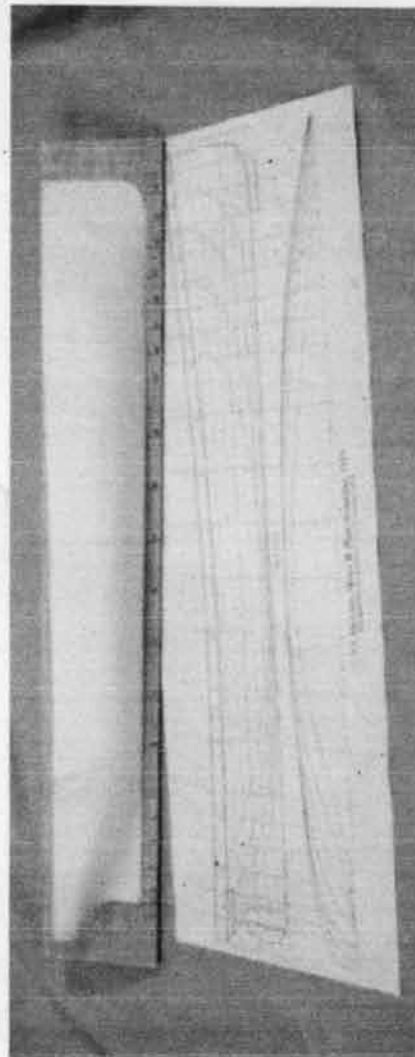
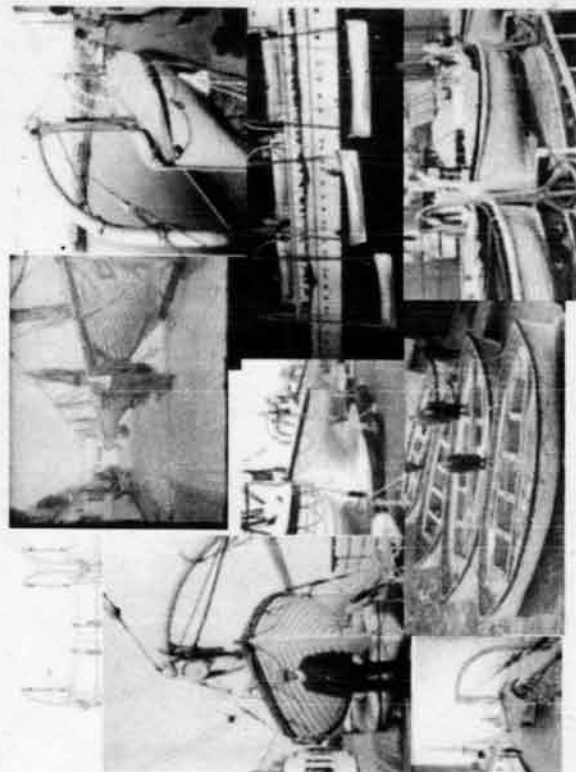
I will add DUNHAM's Water Putty as a top coat, sealed with something... probably polyester*. The parts for laser-cutting, door and windows, were made from 1/32" acrylic by POLULU in Las Vegas, and rails and such from 1/32" birch plywood by GLG ART-CUSTOM ENGRAVING, in Tampa. Both sources are recommended.

Another small part group is three lifeboats which, I am truly appreciative of photos showing as NOT lapstrake, as most of this age were. There is a lapstrake gig, but I will cross that bridge later. I have fashioned a plug of sign foam and will attempt to cast-mold these lifeboats. Likewise I will be molding four ventilators (somehow).

*Nope, not polyester. Turns out that KRYLON has recognized a market and produced a Craft Foam Primer specifically for foam. Krylon has been around since 1947, and I have been using it for about 60 years, myself. It ain't what it once was, due to regulations, but they try hard.



Happily, pix show carvel planking on the Mascotte's lifeboats. No such luck on the gig.



The Mascotte hull carved in Dow Styrofoam will be coated with a KRYLON product formulated for foam. This will be used as a pattern for a plaster-of-paris mold, for a BONDOLITE shell hull.



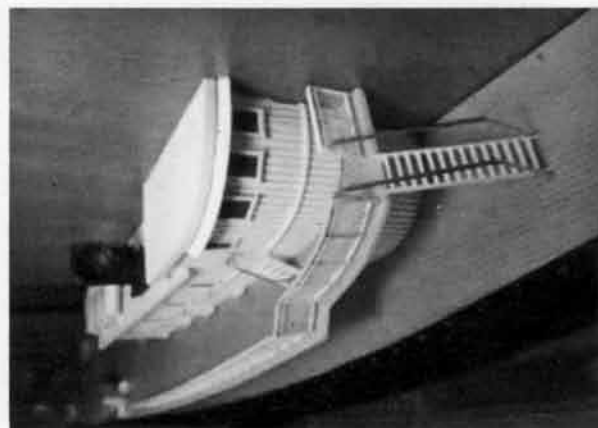
File for laser engraving decks and for laser cutting railings.



Irwin/Sec/Ed: Update on SS Mascotte

– For the benefit of some new faces... 207' Mascotte was local magnate Henry Plant's first steamship build ordered to ply the Tampa – Key West – Havana route for passengers and freight. She was state of the art when launched in late 1885 and lasted until 1930 in successively degrading jobs. Mascotte had heroic tasks in the Spanish-American War and is poorly-inaccurately pictured on the seal of the City of Tampa as a square-rigger, sometimes as a hybrid steam-sail.

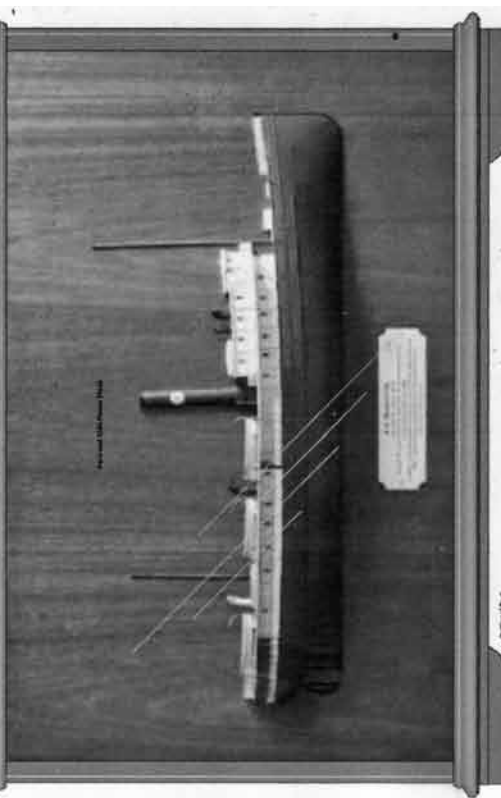
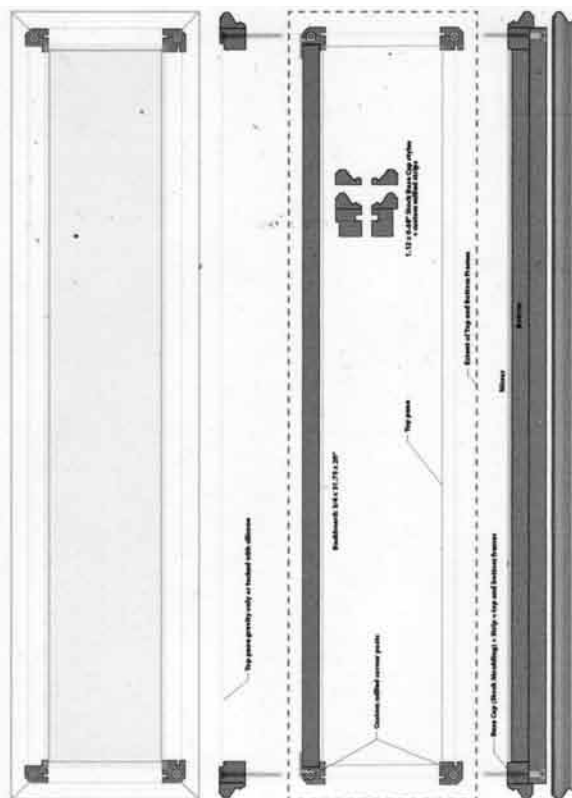
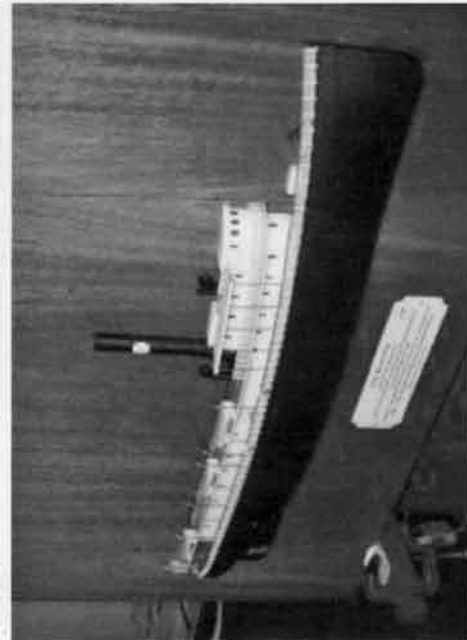
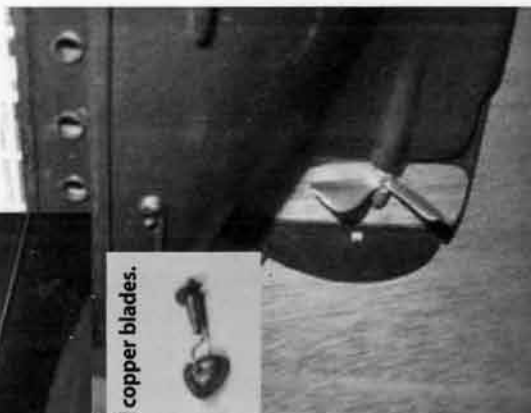
I have been building a 1:96 half model for some time now, and won't be bringing it to meetings until it is finished. The ladders are custom laser-cut and meet my standard of "good enough."



Birch dowel "bullet" and copper blades.



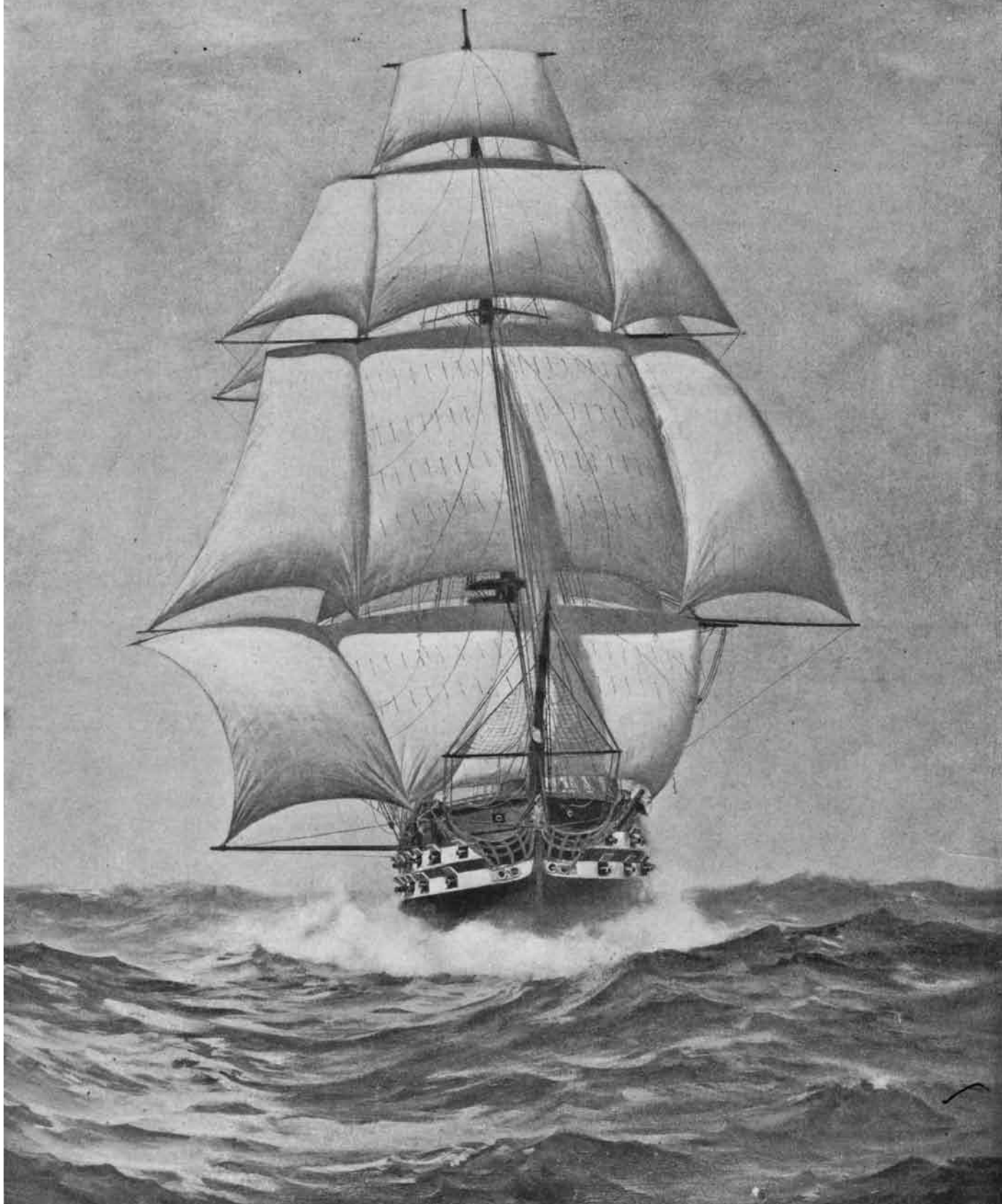
This prop design is modeled on that of a same era local steamer named *Mistletoe*. The prop is on display outside the Florida Maritime Museum in Cortez.



Proposed Case Concept for SS Mascotte half model 6/26/17 Irwin/Sec/Ed

Mascotte in various stages of stack-up for fitting and figuring how to solve self-created problems. Directly above is the encasement and nameplate plan.

Here's a tall ship coming atcha, note the open gunports!



The world of marine adhesives is fascinating. We have wood to wood, metal to metal, fiberglass to fiberglass and variations of these options. Then there is the hard wood to hard wood and soft wood to soft wood and the mix thereon. My complaint is that most vendors sell a larger container of adhesive than is actually needed (unless we are building a boat) and we ended up with a container of adhesive that slowly hardens to non-usefulness. I suggested to one manufacturer that it would be nice if their product came in smaller gel packages so I could use what was needed and save the rest unopened. I received a "thank you" reply and that was it. Recently I thought I had found a substitute adhesive that had a nice container, was not that expensive and hardened rather quickly. Unfortunately, according to the people who work with the stuff, false nail glue is only good for about two weeks.

A neighbor at Shell Point did a piling repair by removing the deck and sliding PVC pipe down over the rotting wood piling on a low tide. The pipe was about 2" in diameter bigger than the piling which gave room to force down concrete around the wood. Since the work was done at a fairly low tide, the people involved had time and room to dig out around the piling and get the pipe down below the water/soft wood line of the piling. A few months later all seems to be holding together quite well. An alternative that avoids removing part of the structure is marketed as "PileMedic FRP" (fiber reinforced polymer) using "QuakeWrap." In essence, the technicians wrap the piling with the fabric and "glue" it together. If interested in this option, any search engine will take you to a variety of websites with more information.

Hoops to hold the sail to the mast are very neat but need maintenance. I was involved in the overhaul of a boat with such a system for the mainsail and found that some of the hoops had deteriorated beyond fixing. The cost of replacement hoops of the proper size was more than the budget allowed so we went with some scrap Schedule-40 PVC pipe of the correct diameter cut into about 1" sections. The results worked quite nicely, not nautical but effective. Another use for the hoops, on larger vessels allows one to climb the mast using the hoops as ladder rungs. The



climber must be a person with small feet to get the purchase and probably a safety line, but it is probably worth keeping the option in mind if the sail is up and someone needs to go aloft on a boat with mast hoops.

We use open thimbles at the end of lines to provide a connection point for shackles and the like. Has anyone thought about using closed thimbles in the middle of a line to provide a connection point at that location? According to the item I was reading, rather than splicing in a short bit of line with an open thimble secured thereto, we "open" up the line and insert the closed thimble and then tighten the line around the thimble by pulling and twisting the line. If anyone has done this I am sure readers of this publication would like to know the results in terms of usability and possible weakening of the line.

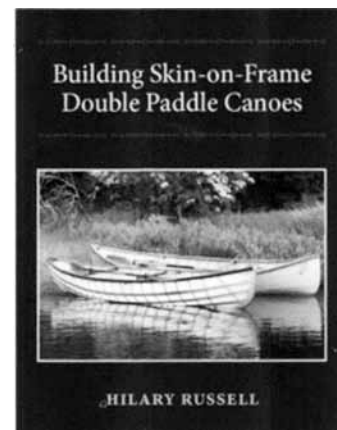
No matter the type of watercraft, trim is an important consideration. Most people consider trim in terms of fore and aft, however, there is also the trim that keeps the boat "on its lines" in terms of how far the gunwale is out of the water on both sides of the craft. Consideration of fore and aft trim is what allows a hull to get up on the plane. The same consideration keeps the bow up on a displacement or semi displacement craft. With an outboard or an inboard/outboard, the designer allowed enough buoyancy to float the boat for the designed engine weight. If the engine weighs more than the design, the boat will need weight forward to float properly at rest. With an inboard engine, the placement of the engine helps determine the trim.

Our Sisu 22 and Sisu 26 both had inboard diesel engines. On the Sisu 22 I opted for a larger horsepower engine than the design called for. For the boat to float properly I had to trim the stern down by adding about 100 pounds at the stern so the aft cockpit drains

would be useable. I realized this would be a problem when I chose the larger engine but it is interesting to see the number of boats with outboard engines larger than what the stern section was designed to support resting with the molded stern water line underwater.

The inboard/outboard (I/O) concept put the engine inside the boat while giving the operator the turning advantage of an outboard motor. However, that the weight was in the stern and the area around the transom was not available for other uses was a disadvantage. The advent of the sail drive moved the engine forward and still provided some of the maneuvering advantages of the outboard. An advantage of the I/O is that the engine is accessible for the most part and the repair person is not hanging over the stern to work on the engine.

With an outboard the boat can be pulled onto a trailer or moored stern to to a float to provide access as needed if the engine is too heavy for easy lifting. Except for boat designs where the mechanic is not a consideration, the engine for the sail drive is in the boat and somewhat easier to maintain. A problem with a sail drive as the auxiliary engine in a sailboat is access. The access problem seems to exist in all auxiliary powered sailboats but can be more of a problem with the sail drive engine "tucked in" near the stern with little (or no) overhead or either side access. As with all power plants in a boat, the main question is "how do I get to all the parts of the engine?"



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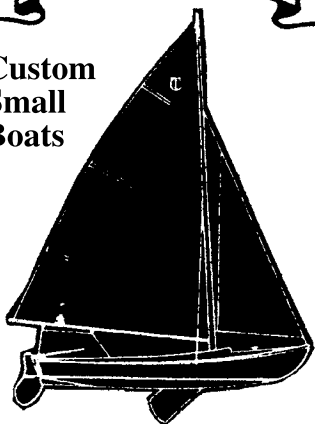
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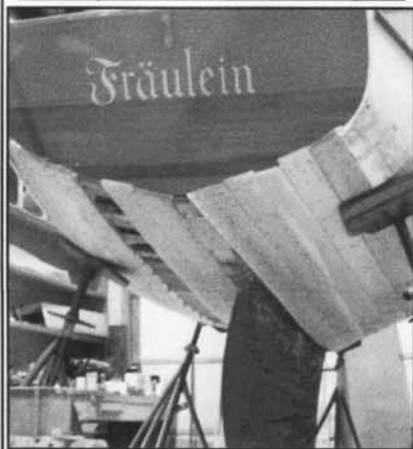
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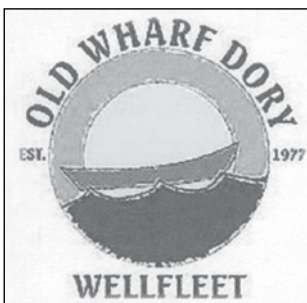
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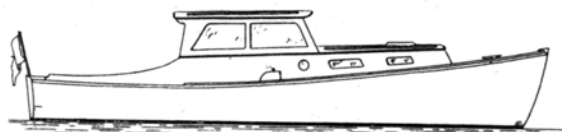


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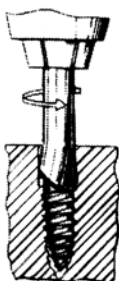
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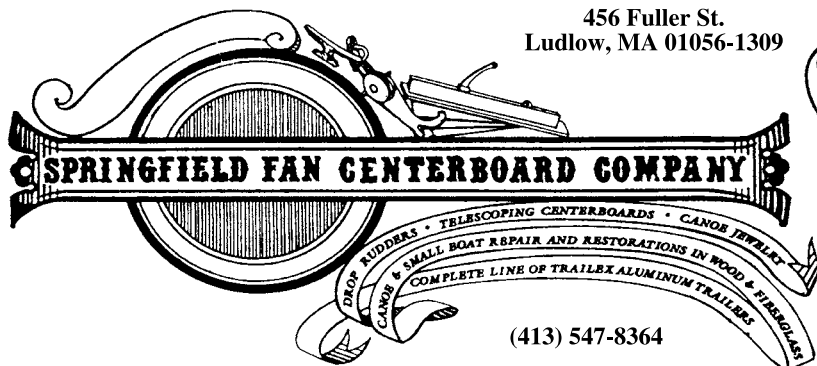
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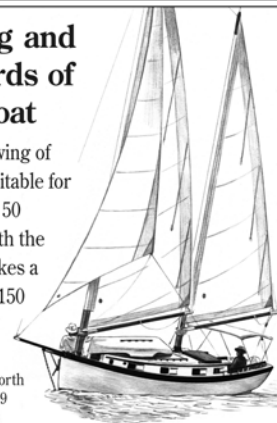
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Lightning #4171, ca '49, 19' family daysailer. Well cared for w/2 sets of sails, trlr, old 2.5hp Johnson twin, fresh paint, custom dodger, oil finish on the interior, original bronze hardware, original spruce mast w/stainless standing rigging, newer halyards, sheets & lines. I have sailed it every year since I got it in 1984 except for last year. Fresh water boat: Lake Michigan, Torch Lake & Lake Leelanau. Located in Traverse City, MI. Asking \$1,900. DAVIID FERRIS, Traverse City, MI, (231) 632-0180, dferris@charter.net (9)

New 12' Kayak Frame, Percy Blandford design, large cockpit opening. Can be sailed, paddled or for fishing. Ash ribs wait for someone to skin it. \$175.

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JOHN FISKE, Beverly, MA (978) 921-5220, johnfiske@comcast.net (9)



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LARRY HAFF, Westborough, MA, (508) 981-1302, larryhaff@aol.com (8)



20' Flying Fifteen, fg Uffa Fox design, International One Design. Look up the FF online. *Dart* lives up to her name. I will get 12 knots but the class has been clocked at 18. The new boats are lighter & much faster. *Dart* won the FF nationals 2 years in the '90s, not with me at the helm. I have had 2 boats in the water & found I sailed the FF much more. In light air she makes her own air once going to windward, she has a lot of sail & that is the most fun. When the wind is up finding the right tack on the right waves going at speed is quite thrilling. She is in a cradle on a trlr. The cradle is set on the beach at low tide and boat floated off with the reverse at haulout so the trailer does not have to go in the water. There is a good mainsail, jib and spinnaker. The standing rigging was replaced recently. I have had my share of boats & this is really pleasant to sail, sense of speed, dry, and secure. A success by Uffa Fox, \$1,000. I would like to see this boat to go to a good home.

JONATHAN COGGESHALL, P.O. Box 327, Port Clyde, ME 04855, (207) 3726687, jonathancoggeshall@gmail.com

18' Ladybug Open Skiff, free to a good home. Wood coated w/epoxy. Hull built by Ken Martin on Cape Cod in 2011. Boat needs a little TLC but is useable. No motor or trlr. A 20hp o/b will put it on a plane. See September, 2012 issue of *MAIB* for pictures. I have a new boat. First come. DANE MARTINDELL, Lakehurst, NJ (732) 657-5135, leave message. (8)



22' Swedish Wooden Sailboat, Andunge or Duckling, vy popular in Sweden. Double ended canoe style w/6' beam & fixed keel, sloop rigged. Built in '60, in gd cond, ready to be launched. Comes w/trlr fitted to the boat. Some repairs were done at Gannon and Benjamin several years ago. \$5,500 OBO.

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Newfoundland Trap Skiff, \$7,500. John Burton, jbvme@hotmail.com (8)

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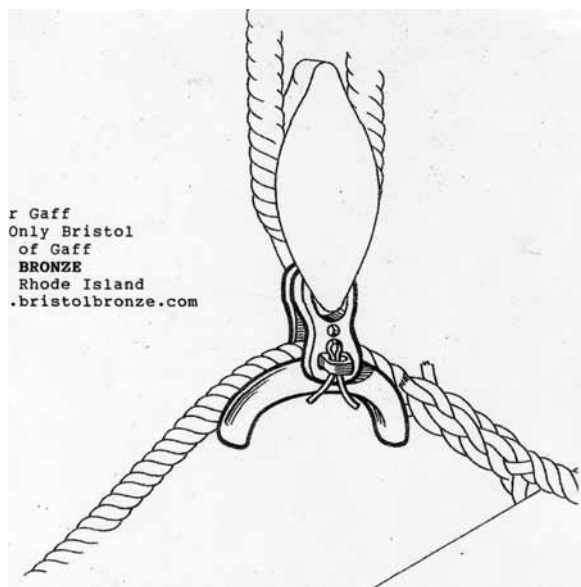
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Little kids will do that to you.... can't be running all over the country...got to find another way. By the way, Justin and Erin's second child, Maddox, was born on June 15th....Lash LaRue's birthday.....everybody's fine. Though Erin wishes the little guy had been more punctual.

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